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A Literary Supplement will appear with the SATURDAY REVIEW of 15 July.

NOTES.

Democracy has once more vindicated its claim to political sagacity by rejecting two candidates for public life whose antecedents and ability were an absolute guarantee for peculiar usefulness in the work of social reform. If there is any truth in the time-dishonoured charge that the Tory party is an obstacle to "progress," what more important than to secure two Tories who are emphatically not opposed to "progress"? But the Radicals prefer men who have a name to live and are dead to those who have a name to be dead but as a fact are alive. Both Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill and Mr. Mawdsley are something other than mere regulation politicians, and it is really hard on the House itself to be thus debarred from the acquisition of a couple of members not entirely ordinary and commonplace. There was sentiment also involved in Mr. Churchill's candidature—that name should never be unrepresented in the House of Commons. In this case brilliancy would have prevented representation resulting in the eclipse which it has brought on a Tory name still more famous in the House.

After a stormy sitting of two hours M. Waldeck-Rousseau read the decree to prorogue the Chambers on Tuesday afternoon. He and his colleagues are safe until October. Twice during the Premier's short stay in office (eight days) M. Deschanel has had to suspend the séance; so critical was the position of the Government on Tuesday that M. Waldeck-Rousseau began business at four instead of two: the shorter the sitting, the less the danger. To avoid a catastrophe, M. Millerand spoke mildly on the Labour Accidents Bill, but his opponents were not to be soothed: they beat their desks, shouted, stormed. Before M. Deschanel could vacate the chair, M. Berry bounded towards the tribune, and asked what notice the Government intended to take of the Prince of Monaco's letter to Captain Dreyfus. It was an insult to French justice, he shouted, a piece of infamous impertinence. On M. Waldeck-Rousseau refusing to reply, a fearful tumult ensued, wilder in the public galleries than in the amphitheatre. To-day, however, the Palais Bourbon is wrapped in silence. France's deputies are packing their trunks and starting for the sea. When they meet again the Affaire will be over.

To quote Mr. Lorry of Telson's, Captain Dreyfus has been "recalled to life." Like Dr. Manette, he has suffered; but his mind, stronger than that of the shoe-making prisoner of the Bastille, remains clear. But the anti-Dreyfusards continue their campaign, more cruelly, if possible, than ever. Their victim's brave bearing is "insolent" and "infamous;" his cell—because it has curtains and a fauteuil—a luxurious snuggery. His appetite is analysed; he eats, says M. Rochefort, like a monster. To excite the people of Rennes, M. Drumont has had anti-Semitic papers, illustrated, called "Le Péril Juif," distributed before the prison; they were seized, however. In the "Patrie" M. Millevoe tells us that Captain Dreyfus (if acquitted) will be wishing himself back on the Ile du Diable again: Paris, he cries, would give the traitor a hot reception. But the "liberty" of the press is fortunately threatened. M. Fabre, a senator, has introduced a bill in the Upper Chamber to protect public men from the abuse and libels of MM. Drumont, Rochefort, and the rest. He has suffered himself at their hands; and brought an action, some time ago, against M. Popillard of the "Libre Parole," who accused him of having been drunk and incapable at a séance of the Sénat.

Quiberon, Auray, and Rennes are all historic places: but their connexion with Dreyfus will lend a new phase to their romantic interest in the days that are to come. The word Quiberon indeed has tragic association for many of those who are connected with the General Staff, so that their victim's appearance at that spot must have seemed to them doubly ominous. Quiberon marks the extreme point of that weird peninsula of Druidical remains that faces la mer sauvage. Here it was that in '95 the unlucky émigrés, who sought under the guns of the English fleet to rouse the Breton Chouans, found themselves face to face with Hoche's bayonets on one side and the surf on the other, and at the Chapelle Expiatoire of Auray the English tourist, Protestant though he be, feels he must drop his sou into the box for the masses still said for their ill-starred souls. It speaks much, by the way, for the reactionary Breton peasant, considering how he hates the Jews and the Freemasons, that he treated the Captain so well; and it is doubtful if in similar circumstances Welshmen or Irishmen would have shown as much restraint: but though mystical and sentimental, the Breton is the least demonstrative of all the Keltic peoples.

Besides Rennes is the least Breton of all Breton towns. In a sense it has been like Nantes an alien

fortress by which France has gripped the non-Latin province that so often has nearly slipped from her hold. Rennes is not over-devout (as are Vannes and Auray), and moreover she is horribly modern, having no fine old walls and towers, her ancient buildings having mostly disappeared in the conflagration of the last century. And again, unlike the rest of the Chouan land, this meeting-place of the old Estates and Parliament of Brittany has revolutionary traditions. Here (ere Paris rose) the mob stood up to the soldiers of the ancien régime in 1788 and here the Revolution of 1830 expressed itself in blood.

On the boulevards, and on the Rive Gauche, Karl is the man of the hour. A good Bohemian of the Latin Quarter, he dresses wildly; a worthy son of Murger, he loves to plot and trick. Gravely, he approached M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire some time ago. "Je suis l'homme que vous attendez," he said, and forthwith promised to furnish his host with absolute proofs of Captain Dreyfus' guilt. To obtain them a journey to Bâle was necessary, and 250 francs. M. de Beaurepaire gave the money freely, urged Karl to proceed discreetly; and, in the "Écho de Paris" announced his intention of publishing some astounding revelations before long. Meanwhile, Karl sent a Veiled Lady to M. de Beaurepaire to demand more money and say that all was going well. Days passed; the articles in the "Écho de Paris" grew stronger and stronger. But on the morning that M. de Beaurepaire expected the "proofs," a letter was handed him, signed Karl, returning the money, and declaring the whole thing to be a hoax. Hastening to the "Figaro" and the "Aurore," Karl related the whole story, which, with facsimiles of all M. de Beaurepaire's letters, has duly appeared in print.

An epidemic of riots seems to be in the air. In Spain the only wonder is that its outbreak should have made so long tarrying. Ever since the war, repatriated soldiers, broken down with fever and hunger, clad in thin cotton rags and robbed of their arrears of pay, have been ubiquitous in every town, piteous object-lessons of maladministration, each an unofficial missionary of discontent among his own people. And in most of the large towns of the Peninsula there exists a large and dangerous revolutionary element, constantly on the alert for disorder and confident in the knowledge that the military will almost always fire over the heads of a crowd. Now is the opportunity for a political saviour, but he must haste to import his arms and raise his flag ere those in authority complete the sale of everything that has not already been taken away by force.

It is by this time clear that Hungary will take no notice of protests by the Powers concerned in her illegal intentions at the Iron Gates, and, unless some means are taken to enforce these protests, the new tariff will come definitely into force on the First of September. She is evidently determined to turn the great international waterway of Europe into a private preserve; for, not content with violating the spirit of existing treaties, as we have already explained, by grasping exorbitant profits before they are due, she does not hesitate to impose differential tolls in her own favour. To take one instance among many, oil is to rank among the few articles which will pay the same tax whether in the raw state or the refined, and critics will remember that there are plenty of refineries but no oil wells in Hungary.

Yet the prospects of effective opposition become daily more hopeless. Austria, the chief sufferer, was doubtless disarmed at the time of her defeat over the Ausgleich; the fall of the Sturdza Ministry and the advent of more amenable successors are attributed to Hungarian intrigue; and even Germany now appears to be taking the tone that the particular concern of Bavaria need not involve the Empire. But the issues at stake are like to expand rather than to diminish with the lapse of time, and the various trustees of the Danube will certainly come to realise the magnitude of their loss when the time for protests shall be past.

If M. de Witte had his way Russian competition in agriculture and manufactures would be a matter very serious for more than one European country. On Wednesday he announced the grant of a subsidy for the purpose of starting a quick line of steamers with refrigerating chambers for the purpose of conveying dairy and farm produce direct from Odessa to London, and on Thursday, Ekaterina, the new ice-free harbour on the north coast, was opened. This is the only harbour in European Russia that will be accessible all the year round by merchantmen or war vessels without the necessity of passing under the guns of a foreign and possibly hostile power, and when it is linked up with the railway system it must become an important outlet for Siberian produce and an inlet for English goods and machinery, it being decreed a free port. But in a country whose officials from top to bottom are a vast organisation for blackmailing and speculation the best laid plans go wrong. Two generals and two colonels of the Guards with a host of minor officers have just been degraded and sent to Siberia for wholesale embezzlement of army funds, and for one scandal that is exposed scores go in secret. "Dans la Russie" said the witty Frenchman (before the alliance) "il faut parler Rouble."

If report speaks true, the labours of the Indian Currency Committee are like to end in divided opinions which will find expression in two or more reports or dissentient minutes. Mistrust if not discredit has befallen such heroic measures as an arbitrary contraction of the existing currency, a State Exchange Office financed by sterling loans, or an unconditional reopening of the mints. The Secretary of State had no doubt grounds for his "strong impression" that a fixed exchange would be established which would attract English capital to India. Though some advocacy of a lower rate is foreshadowed, yet the weight of authoritative opinion may be confidently expected to favour a sixteenpenny rupee. The conflict will presumably centre round the means by which fixity of exchange can best be secured without arbitrarily stopping the natural expansion and contraction of the circulating medium.

Further advancement on existing lines rather than an entirely new departure is the policy so far indicated as likely to obtain acceptance. To declare the sovereign legal tender, to keep the mints closed against silver but open them to gold, to gradually establish a strong gold reserve by the retention of coin tendered at the Treasuries, issuing notes against it if necessary, and to await the developments which longer experience may produce, are cautious and tentative measures, which should find a place in the Committee's recommendations. International agreement on a double standard occupies the background, but the rapidly increasing gold production of the world may bring it to the front in measurable time.

In an incidental way the currency inquiry has already borne fruit. Various representatives of the mercantile community declared the closure of the mints to be the cause of the spasms of severe stringency from which the Indian money market recently suffered. Their views gained little credit, but they gave prominence to the circumstance that the Government Treasuries are usually full of spare money at the season when trade is crying aloud to be financed. This has led to the issue of rules now in force by which surplus balances are lent to the Presidency Banks in the busy months at 1 per cent. under the Banks' minimum rate of discount. Such an arrangement has the double advantage of increasing the capital available for trade purposes and of giving the State interest at often a very high rate on money which hitherto lay in infructuous idleness.

Half a million square miles of territory added to the British Empire: that is a noteworthy incident in the history of England. At a cost of about £850,000 Her Majesty's Government have taken over the whole administration of Nigeria, together with other assets of great potential value, from the Niger Company. We commend the transaction heartily to the public as a fair

deal which has in it all the elements of benefit to vendor and purchaser alike. The consolidation of our West African Empire and its subdivision into three provinces will enormously facilitate its administration whether regarded from the standpoint of civilisation or of trade: for, so long as the systems of government were not assimilated the differences of tariff on either side of the Brass River were a source of constant perplexity and irritation to the native races.

Now there will be a consolidation of systems such as we have long desired to see. Moreover, having foreign European nations for our neighbours upon the frontier, Her Majesty's Government will in future be able to treat with them directly, to the obvious advantage of both parties. In fact, and at last, our African possessions are in a fair way to becoming wieldy. For all too long they have been run on utterly differing lines: under charters, under the Foreign Office, under the Colonial Office, or (as in Cape Colony) under a sort of Home Rule administration. Surely the day has arrived when a Secretary of State for Africa is as necessary as a Secretary of State for India. The official work which our African possessions to-day entail is enormous, and is increasing: the Foreign and Colonial Offices should therefore be relieved, in our opinion, at the earliest moment of a responsibility onerous enough for a separate department of State.

The Irish Agriculture and Industries Bill is now safe, all Mr. Dillon's attempts to wreck it having come to naught. His paper in Dublin has been railing at the measure as "worthless," "hurtful," "pernicious," a "mockery and a sham," and so forth, but public opinion in Ireland has steadily refused to be misled by this dishonest claptrap, and remains enthusiastic and solid in favour of one of the best Bills ever proposed in England for Ireland. It is true that the money grant for the two new Boards is inadequate, and will have to be increased when they get into full working order, but the great thing is that the invaluable principle of a representative Agricultural Committee and a representative Technical Education Committee is now established. We have never joined in the ignorant outcry against Irish Castle officials who in their way were just as efficient and capable as their colleagues in Parliament Street, but if agriculture and industries are to be improved in Ireland the people themselves must be interested in their improvement, and that can only come when they are directly represented on the Executive, and so have a personal share in the management.

There is something of a flutter in the dove-cotes of the House of Commons. The obligation of secrecy, which is tactily imposed upon all members of commissions and select committees during the incubation of their reports, seems to be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. At any rate, during the present session the deliberations of at least three such bodies (dealing severally with the Licensing Laws, Old-Age Pensions, and Cottage Homes) have been prematurely divulged to the public through the press. Where the leakage exists we do not greatly care; but we know that its operation is wholly disadvantageous to the public interests. Nothing but the individual sense of public duty can cure this evil. It would be very unwise to suggest restraint upon the free and confidential conversation between members of the House; and it would not greatly assist matters if the press were excluded from the Lobby. Yet this latter precaution is again being seriously discussed.

Lord Hobhouse has distinguished himself. He can claim one of the very few remarks made during the commonplace and more or less perfunctory debates in the Lords on the London Government Bill, that have any chance of being remembered. No one who knows anything of the subject then under discussion will easily forget his dictum, which for infelicity as argument and for inaccuracy as fact can hardly have a rival, that "the work of paid officials was never so good as that of volunteers." If there is one thing that is quite certain about local governing bodies (not excepting the London County Council), it is that nearly all the really good administrative work they do is done by the paid officials,

whom the "volunteers," the elected members, have considerable opportunities to hinder, which they do not neglect, but few to assist. Surprising as a statement of fact the dictum becomes quite amusing in its infelicity as an argument. Any arrangement of local government which would tend to throw administration into the hands of the permanent officials has ipso facto strong claims for consideration; and that Lord Hobhouse says will be one of the results of reuniting Westminster. We have always looked with much favour on the Greater Westminster proposal, but clearly one of the strongest arguments in its behalf had escaped us. In leaving this point untouched in his reply, was it that the Duke of Devonshire overlooked the statement or the speaker, or was it the London Government Bill itself he had overlooked?

Mr. R. G. Webster has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, in order, as he tells us, "to resume those legal and literary labours" which were interrupted by his election to Parliament. Having neglected law and literature for fourteen years, Mr. Webster might, we think, have persisted in his negligence for another two years until the dissolution, and so have spared the Conservative party an anxious bye-election. For East St. Pancras is a doubtful seat, and it is quite on the cards that Mr. Costelloe may beat Mr. Wrightson. Mr. Webster was not taken very seriously by the House of Commons, where he was known as "R. G." to distinguish him from "Dick" Webster. The present "Steward of the Manor of Northstead" is not the first man who has cursed his folly in abandoning law or letters for so ungrateful a mistress as politics.

The foolish folk who have been hounding on the Bishops to "act," to "do something striking, to make a great impression at the moment, to strike terror into somebody," should on hearing or reading the Archbishop's speech at the Mansion House feel what very little people they were compared with the speaker. It is just the determination of the Bishops not to be rushed which has saved the situation. Anything like weakness on their part would have led to panic, whence precipitate action, blunders, false steps, attempts to go back, confusion, disaster. But the Bishops have kept their head, thanks very largely to the imperturbable strength of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The vulgar violence of the Protestant press and the fiery defiance of Ritualist zealots have found him and left him equally indifferent, and for it England owes him a great debt. Truly, at this moment the Primate is a great figure.

The Pontiff has been the victim of a very unkind practical joke. He recently addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, urging Catholics to accept the powers that be. This was obviously intended to apply to the French Republic, for which His Holiness cherishes a certain sense of favours to come. But a wicked Buonapartist journal printed it as an injunction to an Italian prelate, and, for at least twenty-four hours, until a contradiction could come telegraph-haste, the world was left under the astounding impression, that the irreconcilable Bishop of Rome deprecated impatience towards a Sardinian dynasty within the old Papal capital.

The importance of realism in manœuvres as a preparation for war can hardly be overestimated. Perhaps the highest compliment paid to the organisers of the German victories in 1870 was the comment of the soldier who, on going into action for the first time, remarked that it was exactly like manœuvres. At Aldershot Sir Redvers Buller—who has the faculty of conveying a great deal in a few short and unconventional sentences—is doing much towards making sham fights resemble the real business. The ordinary Aldershot field day, where all know the course events are likely to take, usually results in a rush to secure the key of the situation without adequate reconnoitring—a proceeding impossible in real warfare. On this Sir Redvers has firmly put his foot down.

We have heard a good deal of Mercantile Jack lately. Has Mr. Clark Russell been crying in the wilderness?

Anyway it appears that the British merchant seaman is fast becoming a vanishing quantity, his place being gradually taken by the alien. During the last five years there has been an increase of about ten thousand foreigners and Lascars employed in our trading ships with a corresponding decrease of British seamen. This is extremely disquieting and deserves attention by the Government. It will be a bad day for this country when lads shun the sea; but this is what it appears to be as regards the mercantile marine. On the other hand the prospects of a career in the Royal Navy are such that many more boys want to enter it than can be taken. The moral is obvious, for at one time we manned the navy with difficulty. Improve the conditions of service in the mercantile marine, and by means of training ships provide the shipowner with a better article for a crew than he can get from other countries. Improved conditions of service would undoubtedly bring the required English recruits; but it is not so certain that the shipowners would be ready to pay more for a better article.

Miss Collet's report to the Board of Trade Labour Department on the money wages of indoor domestic servants is a social sign-post. It is the first attempt to apply statistical inquiries to the sacred interior of the British household and to the aloofness and seclusion of the unapproachable British domestic. Since the wretch denounced by Wordsworth "peeped and botanised upon his mother's grave" there has been nothing so inquisitive. We know our dear domestics, and yet how little we know! Even Miss Collet knows them but partially and incompletely, just laying a foundation for comparison in future years. The report is more incomplete than it confesses. What becomes of the interesting personalities of the "Between maid" and the "Up and down maid" on their disappearance from the columns at from 21 to 25 years of age? Is it wifehood, cookhousekeeperhood, or the simpler status of housekeeperhood upon which they enter? The records are silent; as they are on "the relations between mistress and servant." Some things are too painful even for statistics. Yet there are picturesque gleams. We have learned the maximum holiday; "a fortnight in summer, one day monthly, half-day every Sunday, evening out weekly." "Service" should not be very unpopular after all.

The late Sir William Flower was not a great man of science. His name is associated with no striking discovery, and the mere bulk of his published investigations is small if it be remembered that a considerable part of his life was devoted professionally to zoology. It was his misfortune to be overshadowed by men of much more original ability in every piece of investigation which he undertook, and he had not the contagious enthusiasm which makes some men remembered in their pupils more than in themselves. On the other hand, he was an extremely competent administrator. At the Royal College of Surgeons he made great advances in the technical methods of museum display, and when he succeeded Owen at the Natural History Museum he caused these new methods to be employed with brilliant results.

The pertinacious audacity of Owen brought about the erection of a magnificent home for the national collection, and Sir William Flower's specialised talent has made the display of specimens there superior to any in Europe. No doubt much remains to be done, particularly in the direction of removing certain miserly restrictions on the lending of specimens for scientific purposes, as these restrictions have caused much of our wealth of scientific material to be wasted; but it is natural that the first instincts of a museum curator should be conservative. Sir William Flower was for many years President of the Zoological Society of London, and in that capacity his conscientious devotion to detail and his loyal co-operation with the other officers of the Society were of great advantage. There is room for many kinds of talent in scientific work, and that of Sir William Flower, although of a kind not likely to make his an historic name, has been none the less of lasting benefit.

TRANSVAAL DEVELOPMENTS.

"GREAT BRITAIN and the Transvaal" is a headline in our newspapers with which in these days we are only too familiar, and which, we fear, will be with us for some time to come. Nevertheless, developments are taking place daily. The Uitlanders' council has published a formal declaration of policy, and the governments of the Cape Colony and the Orange Free State are, through the medium of Messrs. Hofmeyr, Herholdt and Fischer, openly co-operating with the Transvaal Government in the business of proposing a permanent and pacific settlement. The co-operation of the governments of the Cape Colony and the Orange Free State we welcome warmly, though the Imperial Government cannot be bound, even by their advice, to accept reforms, which are not, in its judgment, adequate, or which do not contain the germs of a lasting arrangement. But we cannot help expressing our regret that the council of Uitlanders has thought fit to take a further step in advance by publishing what has been dignified by the title of a formal declaration of policy. A few months ago the Uitlanders took the proper course of petitioning Her Majesty's Government upon the subject of their grievances. The petition set forth very fully the list of those grievances, together with suggestions for their removal. Mr. Chamberlain, in acknowledging the receipt of the petition, bound Her Majesty's Government to see to the redress of the grievances in question; and in our opinion the Uitlanders would have done better to leave their case as it stood. They had appealed to Cæsar, and their appeal had been allowed. They do not strengthen, but weaken, their case by publishing what lawyers call an "amended statement of claim." With all deference to the intelligent mine-managers and commercial gentlemen at Johannesburg, they are not so competent to settle matters of high politics as Sir Alfred Milner, Mr. Chamberlain, and the British Cabinet. Some of the new demands of the Uitlanders are unreasonable; others are impracticable; and it is well that they should be so told. For instance, they state it as "essential" that "redistribution shall take place periodically by an automatic arrangement, so that representation shall bear some definite relation to the number of electors." Now, in nearly all modern States the population is fluent; that is to say, you have a shifting of units, owing to economic causes, from one area to another. As a consequence you find in nearly all representative systems gross anomalies. They abound in this country, where a peasant on the west coast of Ireland has nearly five times the voting power of a citizen in the suburbs of London. There exists a strong and intelligent demand for a redistribution of seats in the British Parliament, and Lord Salisbury will, we hope, take the matter in hand. But our Uitlander friends should be reminded that we are content with a redistribution bill once in thirty years, and that no practical statesman would listen to a proposal for a "periodic and automatic" re-arrangement of constituencies. It is reported that Mr. Kruger, in proposing additional members for the Rand, has also given new members to the outlying Boer districts so as to maintain the existing balance. If this is true, it should not be allowed. But the trick is so transparent that we cannot believe that, at a crisis like the present, Mr. Kruger "means" it. Let the Uitlanders have a fair start in the matter of representation: with an effective franchise they will not be long in securing their due proportion of members. But if they will take advice, they will not injure their cause by putting forward demands which would not be acceded to in this country, and are not in the region of practical politics. Another change which the Uitlanders request as necessary is "the recognition of English equally with Dutch as the official language." This is an unreasonable and foolish thing to ask. When people go to live in a foreign country, in however large numbers, they must, if they wish to converse with the inhabitants, learn the language. It is rather an inversion to make the native learn the alien's tongue. It is true that in the province of Quebec French and English are official languages; and in the Cape Parliament both Dutch and English may be spoken. But Quebec was a

French, and Cape Town a Dutch colony, which were conquered by Great Britain, and the bilingual system was allowed as a matter of indulgence. If England were to conquer and annex the Transvaal, the bilingual question would become practical: at present it is premature.

The valuable parts of a document which we have been compelled to criticise are the expression of opinion that guarantees can only be obtained by means of a fresh treaty or convention, and the demand for an independent High Court. We entirely agree that whatever promises of reform may be made by Mr. Kruger, their performance must be ensured by a treaty between the two Governments. Indeed it has long been obvious that the Convention of 1884 requires rewriting. We need not be hard on its authors, Lord Derby and Lord Rosmead, for the mining industry was then in its infancy, and they could not possibly have foreseen the enormous changes that have taken place. Since the resignation of Chief Justice Kötzé in consequence of the subordination of the courts to the Raad, the administration of justice has become one of the most serious difficulties in the Transvaal. We think it might be met by the establishment of international tribunals, as in Egypt, under treaty stipulations. In Johannesburg, where nine-tenths of the inhabitants are British, or German, or French, it is a grievance to be tried by a hostile Dutch magistrate, from whom the restraining influence of an independent High Court has been removed. But if we are to have a new convention it will take time; and we are afraid that those who look for a speedy solution of the crisis will be disappointed.

CANADIAN ADVANCE.

NO greater success has been achieved within the British Empire than that of the Canadian Dominion. There was more than the conventional excuse for the felicitations of Saturday last when the Dominion celebrated its thirty-second birthday. Canada's present-day success is enhanced by contrast with her early failure. Her progress has been marked by three stages: the legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1840; the concession to united Canada of full liberty in internal affairs, a benefit chiefly secured under the good government of the second Lord Elgin; and the great measure of 1867 which combined in wise proportions provincial self-government with national unity. The Canadians have a constitution perfectly suited to their needs. They have insignificant military and naval expenses, a national debt the result not of old wars but of expenditure upon public works of constantly increasing value. Their government is not distracted by questions of world-wide policy, or social difficulties due to an overcrowded population; it can give itself fully and freely to the task of developing its magnificent estate. The Canadians have made much of their splendid opportunity. Their railway policy has been, like that of the German Empire, boldly wise. They have encouraged private enterprise by the co-operation of the Dominion and Provincial Governments. In 1867 there were but 2,087 miles of railway in the whole of Canada. In 1897 there were 16,687 miles. Over forty millions of capital to construct these lines had been advanced by the governments central and provincial. The State, by annual grants, subsidises lines which cannot at first pay their way for want of population. It has made and works directly some lines of its own. The Dominion Government has besides spent and is still spending great sums upon the development of the noble waterways which carry sea-borne commerce into the heart of Canada, and bring produce of the wide West down to the shipping ports.

The modern Canadian land policy has been admirably adapted to the purpose of creating the freeholding yeoman population which is a better basis for the greatness and social happiness of a country than either a system of vast estates or one of a very small peasantry. The Canadians have learnt wisdom from the errors of the early colonial days, when vast acres were rendered unproductive by excessive grants to absentee owners, or appropriations to "clergy reserves." The modern "homestead," carved out of Dominion lands, is fixed

at 160 acres, and actual residence and a reasonable beginning of cultivation is required as a condition of the "perfecting" of the grant. Like conditions are attached by the several provincial governments to the occupation of lands belonging to them. Canada affords an excellent example of the application of the collective reason to the scientific distribution of land, possible in a new country. There can be little doubt that Canada will become not only a great agricultural but a great industrial country. Vast areas of coal and iron-ore lie as yet almost unexplored. They await the rise of a sufficient population (to be drawn perhaps by the powerful magnet of gold), and the exhaustion of older sources of supply, still in full working. Meanwhile the Canadians are developing their agriculture not only by individual energy but by the use of collective skill and knowledge. The Dominion Department of Agriculture is doing a great work. A central experimental farm has been established at Ottawa, with branches in different parts of the Dominion. Every kind of experiment is tried in these farms—breeding and fattening of stock, chemical manures for cereals, fruit-growing, poultry-rearing, bee-keeping, and so forth. Information is eagerly sought for and widely distributed. A great correspondence with agriculturists is conducted from the chief office and its branches; peripatetic officials attend meetings, give addresses, inspect farms, and advise as to the establishment of co-operative creameries and butter factories. Commissioners are sent by the department to England, Japan and elsewhere to see the conditions of the market for farm produce, to learn the newest preferences for styles of package and quality of goods, and to give information to dealers with regard to Canadian goods. The department arranges with railway and steamship companies and warehouses for the provision of cold storage, and negotiates rates. All this well-reasoned activity is guided by one main end, the capture of the British markets.

It is interesting to note the change in the direction of Canadian trade during the last thirty years—a change which tariff legislation in favour of the mother country serves to emphasise. In 1867 the value of animal and agricultural domestic produce exported from Canada to Great Britain was about 4½ million dollars, to the United States nearly 15 millions. In 1882—the midway date in these thirty years—Canada exported a value of 23½ millions of this produce to Great Britain, and a nearly equal amount, 24½ millions, to the United States. In 1897 the export to Great Britain reached the total value, the highest on record, of nearly 46 million dollars, while those to the United States had fallen to seven millions, less than half its amount in 1867. This result is partly due to improved ocean transport, but chiefly to the bulwarks raised in recent years by the United States against Canadian produce. The American intention was to protect their own producers, and, perhaps, to make the Canadians regret that they did not belong to the Union. But it has had the unforeseen effect of increasing Canadian skill and energy. Deprived of their most natural and easy market, the struggle for existence has developed the faculties of the Canadians. In Great Britain they have to compete against other invaders as well organised as themselves. Three years ago the widely read report of the Irish Recess Committee came to most people as a startling revelation. Englishmen had not realised how much governments of countries like France, Germany, Belgium, and Denmark were doing, by education, organisation, cheapening of transit, subsidies, to marshal their hosts of small producers and lead them to the attack upon the great open prize, the British Market. The discovery was made when Irish patriots, like Mr. Horace Plunkett, began to inquire why the produce of Ireland, a naturally fertile country of small farmers, was defeated in every branch by that of foreign countries. They discovered, when they looked abroad, that the secret of foreign success lay in two things, co-operation of producers and aid, education, and advice by central or provincial governments. The leaders of the new Irish movement have now, unassisted by Government, laid the foundations of co-operation, and still await the accomplishment of the other side of the process. We also in England have much to learn from the Canadians,

and from the other nations whose example the Canadians have followed. There is a French saying that men fall by the qualities by which they have risen. If this be true of men, it must also be true of nations. England has no doubt risen, at all events during this last century, through the individual energy and activity of her citizens, her manufacturers, agriculturists and traders. So long as other nations were equally unorganised Englishmen could more than hold their own. But if in war you lead unorganised individuals, however brave, against organised regiments, albeit composed of inferior individuals, the chances are in favour of the regiments.

THE STATE OF BELGIUM.

WE do not usually associate "the worthy Belgians," as they are somewhat contemptuously dismissed in France, with any of the higher and more romantic issues of politics; our conception is rather of a practical people with no loftier aspirations than sober work, financial craft and the steady extension of commerce and commercial empire. But historical tradition remains a far more potent force in national development than the modern school of political philosophy is capable of understanding, and the recent crisis has served to reveal, Roentgen fashion, survivals of the old times, which most of us supposed to have been long since dead and buried. The vicissitudes which Belgium has undergone since it was placed under Spanish dominion have each left a lasting impress upon the character as well as upon the political and religious creed of an outwardly impassive people. The Protestant revolt of the Northern Netherlands strengthened the Catholicism of the South which now constitutes Belgium, and the clerical revolt against Austria actually stereotyped the principles of authority by the rejection of a Liberalism which authority sought to impose. Presently the French Revolution turned Belgium into a cockpit and forced a democratic caricature upon the country at the point of the bayonet. A generation of this regimen was naturally not without its influence, and there remains a substratum of restless, ill-conditioned populace, which sighs for a return to the period of democratic tyranny and license. Accordingly, we now find in Belgium what has survived nowhere else in the world, two clearly defined political parties fighting for real and irreconcilable principles, which they have inherited from their ancestors. The clerical ultramontanes form the great majority of the nation and cherish the old Toryism, which they defended successfully during the major part of the national history; the democrats are a noisy, violent minority, and remain the depositories of such unpractical theories as obtained during a transient and unnatural period of political disease. The strange and at the same time instructive feature of this situation is that, whereas one of these parties affects the title of Socialist, the other alone really bears out the true spirit of Socialism. The whole Catholic system is socialistic, as was that of the early Christians, and with the added advantage of experience. The Belgian Radicals, on the other hand, are socialists only in the limited political rendering of the word. They have lost their economic socialism in the desert of their democratic theories, and forgotten the constructive possibilities of socialism in their zeal for destruction. This, supposing that they really care a fig for the advancement of socialism, is evidence of egregious foolishness from their own point of view, as the whole history of socialistic effort conclusively demonstrates. The successes of socialism everywhere, pre-eminently in the Roman Church, decisively under every paternal government, surely if slowly in modern England, have always depended upon the attention devoted to constructive legislation and the common-sense details of administration. The French Revolution is dead, a reign of terror may never again be resurrected as an instrument of reform, and, if they only knew it, the modern Belgian Radicals are far more hopelessly behind the times than the last surviving advocates of divine right and passive obedience.

It must often have occurred even to zealous advocates of democracy that the equal distribution of political

power must lead to the rule of an ignorant and incapable majority, and the only solace suggested has been that the exercise of the franchise being in itself an education, to confer it wholesale is to confer a wholesale political education. As a rule it has been only the amiable but discredited arm-chair politician who has permitted himself seriously to propose a fancy franchise, and it is therefore supremely significant and instructive to find that in Belgium almost every thoughtful and patriotic citizen acquiesces unhesitatingly in a constitution which confers an extra vote upon the possession of property or legitimate children, and two extra votes upon those who can boast of educational advantages. It is all very well to dismiss this system as a method of gerrymandering; even though it may be so it still furnishes a superior form of democracy, and those who suffer by it have the remedy in their own hands. Under a simple franchise the task of educating their masters remains with the cultured minority; the Belgian constitution offers the "masters" an inducement to educate themselves, seeing that the acquisition of knowledge is held in higher electoral honour than an increase either of wealth or population. The present quarrel has been, not so much over the present state of things, though that inspires the illiterate minority with resentment, as over a proposal to confer additional advantages upon the intelligent majority by means of a redistribution bill. Accordingly a compromise was quite permissible in order to avert civil strife, so long as it is not taken as a precedent to overrule the legitimate desires of duly constituted authority on future occasions. Indeed, the whole Bill may, as many foresee, come to be abandoned, and that with safety and decorum. We are, however, glad that it has been spared to face the ordeal of a heterogeneous committee, as this leaves us a chance of witnessing, under peculiarly promising conditions, the interesting constitutional experiment of proportional representation. This most of us admit to be academically sound, but hitherto the objection that it would in practice confer undue importance upon faddists, has been sustained. As, however, nearly everyone in Belgium belongs to one of the two great parties, there is no reason why the country which has so successfully adopted an educational franchise should not go a step further and enable us to pronounce for ourselves upon the virtue of another much-vaunted scheme.

Since the neutrality of Belgium has been guaranteed by the Powers, she has lost much of her interest to Europe as a political entity, but if she now voluntarily offers herself for political vivisection, she will have gone far to justify her existence. Meanwhile, everyone must rejoice that the immediate danger of civil strife has been averted. Even in countries so remote as the Balkans, the Great Powers are beginning to realise that they cannot afford to tolerate tumult, and the consequences of continued disorder almost in our midst would still more easily have paved the way for an intervention which would have set all Europe by the ears. Moreover, a pleasing variant is offered to the dreary monotony of home politics in most lands by the refreshing issues which arise in this fantastic country of contradictions, and though the state of Belgium is by no means an ideal one in every respect, it compares well with that of others less highly favoured in history.

PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

THE Bill for regulating private legislation procedure in Scotland is the first of a series of experiments which, we may suppose, it is intended successively to try in other parts of the United Kingdom. It may be described shortly as an attempt to reform one cumbrous and expensive system by the substitution of another still more cumbrous and expensive. The assumption is, and it is quite unfounded, that local inquiries must be less costly than any form of parliamentary inquiry: but even if that were true of strictly local inquiries, how will matters be improved when in addition the committee rooms in London still remain open where opponents may appear by counsel, agents and witnesses to oppose the Confirmation Bill required for validating the Provisional Order? This must inevitably

be part of the new system. Parliament cannot resign its control over local inquiries and merely register the findings of commissioners, even though selected from its own members under the provisions of the Bill as altered the other night by clauses drafted since it passed through committee. This cannot be allowed even to please Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Shaw or other fervid Scotch members; and it would, of course, be equally impossible whenever it may be proposed, though we hope it never will be proposed, to apply the new method to English, Irish, and Welsh business. Even if we leave this complication out of account, we believe the Scotch advocates of local inquiries have chosen the wrong method for carrying out their object of lessening the admitted expensiveness of the present procedure. So laudable an ambition appeals as strongly if not as naturally to other people as to the Scotch, but in the result it is to be feared they will have the somewhat modified satisfaction of proving by their own experience of the new measure that their example is to be avoided and not followed. Their particularism in the meantime will impede the introduction of a plan which, applying to the whole of the United Kingdom, would be a far more effective reform of the present system. They should consider certain facts which they will certainly feel when, if ever, these Scotch local inquiries begin. Opponents will increase in number; they will oppose locally who would not venture on appearing before Parliament; and that will increase the expenses of promoters. Inquiries will be lengthened, for the fights will have the centres of local passion for their venue. Individuals or corporations will desire just as keenly as they do at present to have their cases represented by the very best counsel and expert witnesses. Their opponents will not desire the same thing less keenly. The counsel and experts whose names are known throughout the kingdom in parliamentary business circles are in London; and it will be found more costly to move these eminent persons to the remote country than to bring whole hosts of obscure witnesses to London. We have mentioned the possible second inquiry at Westminster, but, confining ourselves to the purely local one, there are in addition to the expenses of the Commissioners, the salaries and expenses of officials and messengers, the cost of rooms wherein to hold the inquiries, and a hundred other minor items. It is true that against the present system almost equally formidable objections are to be made. There is the anomaly of a separate trial by two co-ordinate tribunals, whereof one is as likely to be right as the other. About 18 per cent. of Private Bills are contested in both Houses; and the second inquiry is a new trial of the whole question without any special grounds assigned. The preceding inquiry does not count, and proof of every point in the case has to be given afresh. This double investigation accounts for much of the expense and loss of time. Witnesses have again to be brought up, counsel to be briefed a second time, and the same points have to be contested twice in the same session.

In order to abolish these various sources of expense, which are formidable enough under either the future local or the present Parliamentary inquiries, it is essential that there should be no unnecessary courts. Finality ought to be reached as early as possible; and it can best be attained by a parliamentary court held in the first instance. The double inquiry now held must be superseded by the single inquiry; and this would materially reduce the expense of the litigating parties and pro tanto the public complaints. At present the second inquiry does sometimes correct mistakes made during the first, but as a rule the appeal is brought not upon any specific ground of error, but on the mere chance that a tribunal differently constituted may be persuaded into taking a different view. The argument is not that a second inquiry is in all cases unnecessary, but that what is gained by it is infinitesimal compared with the advantage of entrusting the whole business to a single tribunal. Opposed provisional orders, for example, would be saved from undergoing three inquiries, a local inquiry and one before each House of Parliament. What is wanted is joint committees composed of two members from the Lords and

two members from the Commons, with the chairman (appointed from a joint chairmen's panel) to be chosen for each group of Bills alternately from the Lords and from the Commons. Their decision should be final, subject to the power of either House to re-commit a Bill to the same tribunal with instructions mandatory or permissive. The personnel of Private Bill Committees would in this way be greatly strengthened. The best men from both Houses would be brought together as judges; and the public confidence in the efficiency and impartiality of the parliamentary courts which is enjoyed by them now in so high a degree would even be increased. Something may be said too for the tribunal from the point of view of the relief it would afford to members themselves, though we do not lay much stress upon this. If we take the House of Commons, for example, instead of its appointing four members to committees of the Commons it would be called upon to supply two members to committees originating in that House, and two members to committees on Bills originating in the Lords; so that there would appear to be no gain in that respect. And yet there would be considerable saving in consequence of members of the House of Commons not having to man committees on Bills which come down opposed from the Lords. During the ten years 1889-98 the average number of members serving on opposed Private Bill Committees (excluding hybrid committees) was 84, the greatest number in any one year being 125 in 1897, and the least 61 in 1894. During the same ten years the average number of members serving on opposed Bills coming down from the Lords was 19. The appointment of Joint Committees would relieve members to that extent at least from the calls now made upon them by Private Bill legislation. To these suggestions we would add the desirability of some extension of the existing Provisional Order system, always leaving it to the option of parties whether they should proceed by Provisional Order or by Private Bill; a reduction of the House fees, especially on unopposed Bills; the abolition of the Court of Referees; and such rearrangement of the preliminaries of private legislation as would enable committees to enter on their inquiries in February instead of the middle of March.

POPULARITY AND LITERARY GREATNESS.

THE relation of popularity to merit is a question often suggested by the fortunes of public characters in various walks of life; but it is when exemplified in works of literature that we find it put before us in its simplest and most obvious form. Does the fact that some particular book or author commands an enormous circle of readers prove that the author or certain of his works are possessed of a literary greatness bearing any proportion to his or their popularity? And again, on the other hand, does the fact that some particular book or author is read and admired by a small circle only, prove that his literary merits are proportionately small, or imputed only by bad judges, or partial friends? It would be perfectly easy to adduce many signal examples which would indicate that both these questions should be answered in the affirmative. Some of the books as to whose greatness the world is now unanimous, have not only been stamped with the admiration of critics but have been read with avidity by multitudes of ordinary men and women. The "Iliad," the "Divine Comedy," "Don Quixote" and "Pickwick" have appealed and do appeal to the spontaneous interest of multitudes, as vividly as they appeal to the discrimination of the professed judge: while it is needless to say that of the novels and books of verses which year by year are poured forth in profusion, but which either fail to find any admirers at all or any outside some narrow and unhealthy clique, their failure to recommend themselves either to the public or to critics generally is caused by and accurately indicates their want of genuine merit.

All this, we say, may be urged with perfect truth; but it is equally easy to adduce another set of examples which will conclusively show that those to which we have just alluded are far from warranting the conclusions which might naturally seem to flow from them;

and that great popularity, though it is often the accompaniment of merit, cannot by any means be accepted as being always, or even usually, its index. Let us begin with taking four books of the last century—"Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver," "Tom Jones," and "The Vicar of Wakefield." The merit of each of these is in its own way signal; but the more completely any reader is able to appreciate the merits of each, the more he will be inclined to the opinion that their real literary greatness is in an inverse ratio to the number of those who have been delighted by them. There is every reason to believe that, though both books have been popular, the popularity of "Robinson Crusoe" has far exceeded that of "Gulliver;" but no man who is equally capable of understanding and appreciating both will deny that "Gulliver" is incomparably the greater work of the two. And the same observation is applicable to "Tom Jones" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." The popularity of the latter has far exceeded that of the former; but no one who could understand the full merits of both would deny that the genius embodied in the great work of "the prose Homer of human nature" exceeds the genius embodied in Goldsmith's idyll, as much as the Thames, in greatness, exceeds the streams that feed it. If these examples, however, should appear to be inconclusive, let us turn to the present century, and to works which, by reputation at all events, are better known to the present generation of readers. If we take popularity as the index of literary merit the greatest literary works produced in England during the present century we shall find to be Mrs. Wood's "East Lynne" and the "Proverbial Philosophy" of Mr. Tupper; whilst infinitely below the level of the worst "shilling shocker" which ever contrived to pay the expenses of its publication we must place the degraded drivellings of Walter Savage Landor!

The most ardent advocates of popularity as an index of literary merit will hardly press their theory to such a length as this. No one capable of forming a serious opinion on the matter will deny that Landor, the sale of whose works was—and we believe is still—so limited, was, within his own limits, one of the most perfect masters of the English language which our literature has ever known; that his sentences have the classical beauty of cameos; and that his pathos, his poetry, his pregnant wisdom, and sometimes his wit, are worthy of his matchless style. This recognition of Landor's excellence is not the recognition of a clique. It represents the judgment to which men of the most diverse interests, tastes and temperaments inevitably and unanimously arrive, under the influence of literary culture. They may not all like him; but inevitably they all admire him. As to the "Proverbial Philosophy," on the other hand, which once evoked the reverential delight of millions, there is hardly to-day a reader, however defective his taste, his mind, and his education, who would not cast it aside with just, even if with unreasoning ridicule.

How then are we to reconcile these two opposite sets of facts, one of which seems to justify the opinion that popularity is the test of merit, whilst the other seems to show that it has nothing at all to do with it? The reconciliation is to be found in the fact that with regard to human affairs no general rules can be accepted as true guides, until they are perforated with exceptions, or almost metamorphosed by qualifications. The qualifications in the present case are an instructive subject of study; and they have the advantage of being not very difficult to discover. In order to reduce popularity to a true test of literary merit we must begin by confining the rule to the very greatest of works only. It may enable us to strike a balance between Shakespeare and Milton; but it will not enable us to strike a balance between Milton and Mr. G. R. Sims. Furthermore we must learn in estimating the popularity of a work to distinguish the endurance of the popularity from its extent at any given time, and to recognise that a public made up of a hundred thousand readers, to which successive generations have contributed ten thousand each, has a literary weight beyond all comparison greater than a public of a million readers, contributed by a few years, and never augmented by any of the years succeeding. Again, we shall be approaching yet nearer to something like accuracy if we say that whilst

the number of times a book is read gives little indication of its merit, the number of times which it is re-read is a test of the most valuable kind, and that ten men who read a book ten times over form a weightier public than two hundred men who devour it eagerly once, and never feel a temptation to open its pages afterwards.

When the test of popularity is offered us in this qualified form, we may accept it as applicable to works of the very highest kind. In other words we may say of such literary masterpieces as continue to be read and re-read through a long series of generations, that the total number of the successive readers and readings of each is an index of the merit of each, as compared with that of the others. But when we turn from these rare masterpieces to works of a lesser, though not necessarily less finished kind, we still find that the test of popularity, even with all the above qualifications, fails to be a reliable guide. We can illustrate our meaning most readily by the example of works of fiction. A novel may interest the reader by all or by any of the four following means: By the religious or secular philosophy of human life which it inculcates; by the varieties of character which it offers to the reader's analysis; by the variety of manners by which it rouses the reader's amusement; and lastly by the artful plot by which it rouses the reader's curiosity. Now the greatest of all great works have such a universality in their greatness that they include all the elements on which a reader's interest can depend, and they will thus appeal simultaneously not to one public only, but to many. Thus "Waverley," for instance, is alike captivating to the reader who cares only for a study of manners, to the reader who cares only for adventure, and to the reader who cares for both: but thousands have been absorbed by the story of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" who would find it hard work to wade through "Vanity Fair." Few books are richer in the philosophy of human nature than "Don Quixote;" but were the philosophy of the book which delights the more thoughtful reader not allied with any other qualities, the audience of Cervantes, however fit, would be few. On the other hand, were there nothing in it but the incidents that arouse a laugh, "Don Quixote," a mere jeu d'esprit, would by this time have been long forgotten.

The greatest works of fiction, then, have a popularity in proportion to their merit, because, in addition to all their other great qualities, they have the crowning quality of completeness within their own limits. Works of an inferior order may in many respects be equal to the greatest; but lacking completeness they are without some element or another which is essential to excite the interests of a large body of readers. There is one reason in particular which often limits the popularity of novels whose quality in some respects might seem of monumental excellence. This reason relates to the portrayal of manners. Every novel must deal with some class or classes of society; and the manners and social perspective of each class are different. The very greatest masters, whilst representing manners faithfully, will give to this element of their works a universal interest by their impartial introduction of the manners of many classes, or else by eliminating from the manners of the class with whom they deal exclusively such traits as would render them to other classes antipathetic or even peculiar. But writers of an inferior order, though inferior in this respect alone, will represent humble life, middle-class life, or fashionable life, as the case may be, in a way which, whilst appealing to readers belonging to the class in question, is offensive, unintelligible, or uninteresting to persons who are not of their class. Miss Austen, for example, though Macaulay had much to justify him when he declared her to be the greatest of our imaginative writers after Shakespeare, was inferior to Shakespeare in this point, at all events, that whilst "Hamlet" might be appreciated by a thoughtful and gifted peasant, all the most delicate touches of "Mansfield Park" and "Pride and Prejudice" are perceptible only to readers in the higher ranks of society.

But even now we have dealt with but one-half of the question. We have tried to explain how far, and in what sense, sustained popularity is an index of the

highest merit; and why a limited popularity is not necessarily an index of the want of any pre-eminence except the crowning merit of comprehensiveness. Space forces us to defer, to a more convenient season, the task of showing that the widest popularity of the moment is not necessarily an index of true literary merit at all; though generally it is a sign of some talent by no means universal.

PREVENTIVE INOCULATION.

THE "Discourse on Preventive Inoculation" recently delivered before the Royal Society by Mr. W. M. Haffkine, Bacteriological Research Officer to the Indian Government, is an interesting and extremely important announcement of the present position of this branch of medical science, made by a man of unusual experience and of European celebrity. It is the fashion with the contemporary fanatical opponents of vaccination, inoculation, and the various methods of what may be called biological medicine, to attempt to discount the value of these particular measures by laying great stress on the beneficent results of attention to individual and civic hygiene. It is almost needless to say that Mr. Haffkine does not minimise the importance of these. "Inoculation," he said, "cannot be substituted for a good water supply, the draining, cleansing, or improvements in the building of cities, or for the admission of a larger amount of light and air into crowded localities, for all these measures to which the nations owe such a wonderful improvement in health as has taken place within the present century." Continued vigilance and improvement in all these general sanitary measures are required, but when an epidemic has begun, sharper methods, more definitely applicable to the particular diseases in question and more immediate in their results, are called for. General hygiene and specific remedies are not rival but complementary measures. When an epidemic has begun to make its appearance there is another general method often extremely useful and never to be put out of consideration. This method consists in protecting the whole community by compulsory segregation and isolation of each case of disease. Mr. Haffkine drew attention to an extremely important distinction to be drawn in the application of these methods. It is now well known that in the vast majority of diseases which may assume an epidemic form, the contagion consists of the living bodies of certain specific micro-organisms, or of the living spores produced by these organisms. It is highly probable that originally all these microbes were harmless dwellers in mud or in water or in decaying organic matter. Certain of them, like the microbes of cholera, plague and typhoid, while capable of living and multiplying within the tissues of living animals and of so producing disease, have not yet lost their primeval capacity to dwell also in external media. In such cases isolation of the patients can be of comparatively little use. If the seeds of the disease are multiplying in free nature, in water, in mud or in the soil, the isolation of the patient does little to prevent others becoming infected. On the other hand, the living contagium of such diseases as leprosy and rabies has become so completely parasitic that it is incapable of dwelling or at least of multiplying outside the body of a human or animal patient. With these latter cases complete isolation of patients is of first-rate importance. With the former group the chances of infection become rapidly so widespread that there is an urgent demand for special specific measures to prepare the individual to resist the attacks of the microbes which he is unlikely to escape. It is on this former group that the great work on preventive inoculation has been performed in India.

In attempting to grapple with the mass of statistics and the history of the experiments recorded by Mr. Haffkine the reader will at once be struck with the extreme complexity of the problems. These do not involve the mere direct chemical action of drug on drug, of chemical material on chemical material. Such interactions, however complex and difficult to follow, are at least combinations of known and invariable factors; within limits, their actions can be referred to

wider chemical generalisations, and inference and deduction play a legitimate part in their interpretation. On the other hand, in Mr. Haffkine's work there is the direct play of life upon life. The living microbes, the living cells of the body, act and react one on the other in modes which experiment may reveal but which inference cannot predict. The living microbes act on the media in which they live and produce organic but non-living substances, sometimes known as toxins, and these substances have to be reckoned with in their action on the living body. The effects of injecting solutions containing only the toxin, only the microbes, or both microbes and toxins may differ. There is also to be considered the organic substances produced by the living cells of the body when stimulated by the presence of the different kinds of injected fluids. And, finally, there is the notable fact that the reactions produced differ widely in the cases of different animals. In this medley of intricate problems it is plain that there is no room for the prejudices of the uninstructed; public opinion must wait on the judgment of the experts who are devoting so much patient labour and highly trained skill to their solution. We may be thankful that within the limits of the Empire there is at least one great country where scientific investigation of first-rate importance to suffering humanity is being conducted under the protection and encouragement of the Government, and unhampered by the inhumane restrictions invented by ignorant humanitarians.

The actual results obtained are in the highest degree encouraging. After a long period of laboratory work, Mr. Haffkine considered his results sufficiently advanced for direct application to human beings. The first step made was to demonstrate the anticipated harmlessness of the inoculation, and for this purpose resort was not made to the old principle of experimenting first on the baser sort, but the "officers of the laboratory, the principal and professors of the Grant Medical College, a large number of leading European and native gentlemen of Bombay and their families and households were inoculated." When the harmlessness of the inoculation had been thus successfully established, opportunity was taken to test its actual efficacy, as from time to time outbreaks of the plague occurred in prisons and houses of correction, cantonments and barracks, and villages. In these experiments extremely successful results were obtained; in some cases as many as 80,000 persons were inoculated, so that there can be no question as to the sufficiency of the trials. The actual mortality among the inoculated was between 80 and 90 per cent. less than among the uninoculated and the case mortality, that is to say the deaths among actual cases of disease, was 50 per cent. less in inoculated cases. We have to congratulate the Indian Government and its officers on an extremely important and successful scientific campaign against disease, and the Royal Society on assisting to make the results known in England.

A BIRD-HAUNTED LANE.

FEW subjects in connexion with natural history have received more attention of late than that of bird-life in and around London. Various skilled observers such as Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Digby Pigott of the Inland Revenue—a very pleasant writer—Mr. Rushen, and Mr. Hudson, are constantly on the look out for any new avian arrivals in London, and the list of London birds mounts steadily up. It is some twenty years since the writer first noticed the shy little tree-creeper in Kensington Gardens, and in more recent times he has seen or heard quite a large number of resident and migratory species in the several London Parks, amongst others the blue titmouse and the pied wagtail during the present year in S. James' Park, and the spotted flycatcher last summer at Battersea, where there is good reason to believe it nested. But to see bird-life at its best one should take the train on a Saturday or Sunday—if a week-day be not possible—to some fairly well-wooded spot within a dozen miles or so of town, and commit a little harmless trespassing upon the quiet fields with their thick shady hedgerows.

Richard Jefferies found that the city with its clangour

and infinite allurements exercised a kind of evil mesmeric influence upon him unless he could get well away from all signs of it. Every footpath near London leads to London, and somehow one is irresistibly drawn thither. Such was Jefferies' experience, but it is not that of many town-dwellers when they get a day's holiday: if there is a magnet for them it draws them the other way. Middlesex is possibly not so rich in green lanes as Hertfordshire or in breezy uplands as Surrey, but within a dozen miles of London's "mid-most roar" it has for the lover of Nature lanes and meadows which contain much variety of wild-life in May and June. Within an easy walk of Willesden, for instance, there is a lane through pasture fields, which, though free to all, is on week days quite deserted except perhaps by a few haymakers from the East End, who sleep out there in the open till June's scented harvest has been garnered up. The lane is a short cut from one Middlesex town to another, and is about a mile and a half in length. At one end the path is fairly beaten, as it leads to a cottage, but at the other it is all grass-grown. When we last visited the lane, its high hedges were laden with an almost insupportable burden of snow-white May, but now it is the turn of the elder and the wild rose is in full bloom. The scent of the May, the scent of the clover, the scent of the roses—these would make June the most fragrant month in the year. The lane in the young summer, and indeed later on in July, teems with bird life. We saw it for the first time early in July 1898, and with the exception of chiffchaffs, with an occasional blackcap and lesser whitethroat, the summer warblers had then ceased singing. The season of bird incubation, however, was by no means over. On the slender branch of a young elm some twelve feet from the ground was a lesser redpoll's nest containing young. This was indeed a great discovery, and until the old birds had been identified beyond all question it was hard to believe that the redpoll was here, nesting hard by London. A hundred yards further down the lane a little colony of tree or mountain sparrows had settled for nesting purposes in some old pollard willows, and one nest, from which the young had just flown, contained a single addled egg. After finding lesser redpolls and tree sparrows breeding so near London, it would scarcely have been surprising to have come upon an occasional or even reputed British species nesting in the lane, but we had to content ourselves with examining nests of several warblers, spotted flycatchers, turtle doves, and a pair of red-backed shrikes which had built in the most exposed position possible.

This year early in June we were in the lane again, and were fortunate enough to find that the lesser redpolls had nested within fifty yards of the spot chosen in 1898. The neat nest, composed of moss and small dead elm twigs and lined with wools, was again placed in a young elm. Unhappily it had been looted by some professional collector or thoughtless bird-nester, and the birds were not to be seen or heard. Tree-sparrows, however, were about the pollard willows once more, though a short search for their nests was not successful, whilst a pair of spotted flycatchers had built a snug nest in the exact spot, against an elm, in which there was a nest in July 1898. The spotted flycatcher is one of the most conservative of nest-builders, often returning year after year to precisely the same site. The meadow where the flycatcher is now sitting on her eggs, though it has a footpath through it, and is much more exposed than the grass-grown lane, is the most delightful place to lie down in and watch the birds from. Round the elms the sward is short and smooth, and by sitting down here and keeping quite still one may soon see much bird life. The male flycatcher feeds his mate as she sits on her eggs; the meadow pipit, singer of a monotonous but rather pleasing little song, flutters down into the meadow, where it has a nest with eggs or young; and a female whinchat assures one by her curious movements that she, too, has her treasures close by, and suspects this human intruder. One knows perfectly well the whinchat has a nest in one corner of the meadow, but so artful is she in going to and leaving it that many hours search might well prove unavailing.

The lane is frequented in one end, and that scarcely its thickest, by several pairs of nightingales, blackcaps and garden warblers, and in the first part of June one may often listen to a concert kept up for some time by these three species all singing at about the same time quite close to each other. They are perhaps the three most beautiful singers we have in England, and it is astonishing how few people are in the least familiar with the songs of the blackcap and garden warbler, though they may know well enough that of the nightingale. There are a certain subtlety and a choiceness about the carols of the blackcap and the garden warbler which one does not look for in the vigorous songs of skylark, blackbird, or thrush, however much one may delight in the songs of these familiar friends. It is a good thing to steal upon the retreat of the blackcap, and stand still and listen to his "wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky."

THE OLD PACK.

A GOOD theme were the immutability of types in every kind of commercial drama. But to be querulous of the immutability of types in farce is to be accused of taking the matter too seriously. *Egomet*, I think that nothing can be taken too seriously. I do not hold that farces ought to be stupid, and I do hold that they cannot be otherwise so long as their writers insist on trotting out the same old puppets—the same husband, the same wife, the same father-in-law, mother-in-law, house-parlour-maid and husband's friend. "What," you may object, "is the matter with these puppets? Too familiar, are they? You might as well say that you cannot find any pleasure in playing whist because the faces of the court-cards never alter. The splendid benignity with which the King of Hearts regards you; the rather sinister profile of the Knave, his son; the Queen of Diamonds, with her happy piquant smile; and she whose every lineament bears the impress of long suffering nobly borne, whom no man receives into his hand without some stirring of his heart, she, the proud, ill-fated consort of the King of Spades—the sameness of these bits of pasteboard does not make any sameness in the game you play with them. Infinite, the number of their combinations. Infinite, the skill of handling them. So, critic, be not querulous! As to whist its cards, so to farce its characters." The analogy is ingenious enough, but false. Cards are but symbols. The personal appearance of this or that King or Queen does not really affect the game: however deep our respect and pity for the Queen of Spades, we do not scruple to profit by the King's power. But the characters in a farce are much more than symbols, and do directly affect the play's course. Thus, if the dramatist insist on a feebly unfaithful husband, a hot-tempered wife, a good-humoured father-in-law up from the country, a bitter mother-in-law, a pert house-parlour-maid and an indiscreet friend, the number of evolvable situations is, clearly, far from endless. In his latest farce,* Mr. Burnand, following immemorial custom, insists on all these characters. It follows that the situations are mostly stale. But stale situations and stale characters are just what the public likes, whether in farce or in any other kind of drama. Fresh situations and fresh characters it is apt to regard as a nuisance. Mr. Burnand knows this well, and has acted on his knowledge. He might (for he is, as he has so often proved in non-theatrical work, a very keen and witty observer of life) have written a farce which would not have bored me. Such a farce, however, might have bothered the public. Wisely enough, Mr. Burnand prefers boring one fastidious unit to bothering the public. But, while I applaud his discretion, I must point out that he might have bored me a little less without impoverishing his manager. I am not unreasonable, really. I admit that a playwright who wishes to pocket the public's money must first pocket his intelligence. I admit that, if Mr. Burnand had ever brought to bear on playwriting that subtle power which made "Happy Thoughts" at once a masterpiece in English humour and a human

* "The Lady of Ostend," Terry's Theatre.

document as valuable as any dull great man's "Confessions," he would (at least) have had to wait many years for a reward. But why should he write his dialogue to-day exactly as he would have written it in the sixties? As a man, he is not out of touch with his fellows. When he writes anything but a play, he shows himself well primed in all the superficial facts of the late 'nineties. Nor is his reactionary manner of presenting men and women on the stage a mere concession to public taste. If it were, I would say nothing. But it is not. The public does not resent, even likes, modern versions of stale characters. Yet the stale characters in "The Lady of Ostend" (though the mimes are dressed in modern clothes) talk and behave exactly as they would have in the 'sixties. The fact that the plot of the play hinges on the existence of a cinematograph does but make their anachronism the more glaring. This distresses me. Even if I accepted the analogy of the cards, I should still qualify my position by saying that I liked the game to be played with a clean pack. Mr. Burnand produces an old, well-thumbed, dogs-eared pack, and shuffles it and deals it out as merrily as though it were not cohesive in its antiquity. That is so like a playwright! Writers of books or music-hall songs take some account of the outer world, trying to be more or less abreast of the time. But the playwright, not he! If he creates a servant, she shall be as illiterate as in the days when Thackeray wrote a whole volume in order to prove (to his own infinite satisfaction, and to the boredom of everyone else) what ungentle places kitchens were. Board Schools have been invented, and there is now much fun (of a kind) to be made out of the elaborately pedantic phrases used by modern servants. But why should a playwright trouble to make it, when "Lawks!" is still sure of a laugh? And why should not his Irish gentleman—the husband's friend in Mr. Burnand's play is, as I need hardly say, an Irish gentleman—address his hostess as "Marm" and speak of his "discint from the kings of Oireland" and, being introduced to a girl whose photograph he has seen, say "I have already made this young lady's acquaintance, but Nature is superior to Art"? Customs and manners change, classes merge and emerge; but that is nothing to the playwright. The stream of life flows on with an ever-changing surface; but the playwright, stolid, unheeding, squats in his old place on the bank, angling for royalties with the same old baits and landing them as successfully as ever. A placid, instructive spectacle!

Certainly, the English theatre is a curious affair, and a man might fill reams in writing a mere catalogue of the prejudices and musty conventions which make it what it is. Every time I see a new play I find some prejudice or convention which had hitherto escaped me. This play of Mr. Burnand's, for instance, illustrates one strict, irrational old law which I had never realised. It is this: that only middle-class life may be taken as the background for farce. Why? Indeed, I know not. I only know that the chief part in this piece (played by Mr. Weedon Grossmith) is "Dick Whortles (General Manufacturing Agent)," and that in all farces so must it ever be. The upper and lower classes, might not they be treated farcically? Perhaps; but they must not be. The upper classes are not a fit subject for anything but high comedy. The lower classes are not a fit subject for anything at all. They are interesting, no doubt, to persons of low taste; but if you want to learn about them you must go to the Music Halls, which are, indeed, better suited than theatres to debased, intelligent persons like yourselves. You would like to see middle-class life treated in the vein of high comedy? It could not be done. At any rate, it must not be. You might as well ask for a high comedy about persons living before the eighteenth century. You might as well ask for another modern tragedy like "Grierson's Way." You know, or ought to know, that tragedy died out of the world at the end of the seventeenth century—most dramatists date its death as early as the sixteenth. You might as well ask for a farce dealing with the time of the Wars of the Roses. . . . Indeed, why should you not? Why all these arbitrary limitations? Every class, every period, is equally good game for every kind of drama. But they who made the laws of the theatre thought other-

wise, in their wisdom. And those laws must be obeyed. In comparison with them, the laws of the Medes and Persians were the airiest little hints, to be taken or left.

MAX.

VENUS OF THE BELVEDERE.

IN the private gallery that each of us hangs for himself a great many of the pictures are not masterpieces, they are imperfect pictures seen as masterpieces. When we hang them there what we mean by it is, This way lies a masterpiece, and benighted on this road is better than home by another. The sign has been given to which our imagination stirs and we outrun the halting indications. There is no use in inviting friends into this gallery; they will obligingly insist on the acknowledged imperfections, lack of authenticity, secondrateness of your treasures, and you are properly served for pretending to show them what is not there. When we see ardently we see under an intention and ourselves do half the painting.

Such pictures have various degrees of actual humiliated existence. Some we have actually seen. They ought only to have been described, or half seen in passing through a darkened room. But they have been dragged into exhibition and hang there, critic-blown. Such pictures must be passed into a memory ward to have their wounds bound up and their being restored by long pity. They can only hang as remembered. Thus we must hurry away from the abominable painting of Rossetti and think his pictures over at a distance. Then the intimations of his secret world come back upon us, we lend ourselves to his mood, and the pictures are re-made like flowers.

Or there are sketches, promising a result impossibly fine. A man's hand, and what is given to him by the first splendour of an idea at times strike out something to which he feels he has no claim, something it would bewilder his ordinary drudge mind to complete. Or a high sense of beauty passes into a region that is only a holiday region and gives us a hint. Thus I would have done, if this were my country. There is a project by Mr. Whistler, a Venus coming across the sands from the sea, roses springing in those bitter fields where her feet have stepped, whose enchanting beauty and incompleteness I explain to myself by such reasons. For an hour the modern slipped his century, breathed, an excited visitor, the air of Titian's time, saw a Venus more lovely than her own familiars have reported, then awoke rebuking himself for his truancy.

But the safest kind of picture for such a collection is a picture long ago destroyed or one that has never been painted. Leonardo, that great mystifier, sculptured in snow and painted in perishable vehicles so that the legend of his powers, based on a few exquisite fragments, should mount higher than nature's thrift allows to mortal production. By the hands of his pupils he arranged that burglaries should be committed on his invention so that what a clumsy thief could steal should prove the riches of the house. So fully has the spell worked that we can hardly admit any of his pictures to be good enough for such a magician, and the missing masterpiece has been painted for him by Walter Pater. Giorgione, one of the greatest names, is so by legend and the lead given to the imagination by a picture or two; we conceive him a Titian with the dew of a more sacred morning upon him. Therefore in a well-chosen private gallery Titian is often represented by a painting of the same subject by Giorgione, or he and others are set to paint a subject they never handled, but that gathers all their inspiration together in a heat.

For the masters did not always get the picture painted that ought without a doubt to have crowned their work. It is promised, it is present darkly, but some demon turns the steps of the hunter aside when he is close on the heels of the quarry, to beat yet another cover, make yet more preparations. And sometimes the lazy follower of the field, about to take a nap when the cry has passed on, comes plump upon the prize, and secures it damaged by his guilty awkwardness. Laggard, poacher, and the stout follower of the

chase all have their luck. The picture that speaks for an age and should have been fathered by its greatest artist creeps into dubious life among cousins. These pictures, too, should never be seen in the body, but only as magnified or justified by distance and imperfect reproduction. I have never visited the gallery of Berlin and when I go there I shall shut my eyes when I pass Signorelli's picture of gods come back from exile, where a circle forms itself, saint-like, round Pan, beneath a horned moon. I have a very bad photograph of it, and that is much better than a picture that Signorelli, great as he was, cannot have painted as thrillingly as its subject cried for. Another picture, one of the most splendid in the world, I have resolved not to see, for the forecasts point to something having gone amiss. It used to be called a Bellini, and now it is called a Bissolo, which is to come down badly in the world. I suppose in addition to having many imperfections of drawing it is dull in colouring. It is an immortal design.

Last week, unwarned, I turned into Messrs. Agnews' and among a number of Italian pictures found myself confronting my picture, or rather a version of it that has been unearthed in Italy. The picture represents a lady at her toilette, sometimes called Venus with a Mirror, and the hitherto known version belongs to the Belvedere collection at Vienna. I am told that yet a third version of the head is in the possession of Lord Carlisle. That at Messrs. Agnews' is a little longer both ways (I speak of the picture not of the actual size) but is cut off shorter above and below to the detriment of proportion, and lacks one or two details (a vase of fruit on the window-sill, a cartellino, and the head-dress reflected in the mirror). On the authorship question I do not propose to enter. To call it Bissolo's is to lay that painter under a cloud of suspicion for having such a picture in his possession, and I have not been tempted to study his peculiarities closely enough to say whether he deserves it. I fancy he is a temporary label used by the modern critics. He means not-Catena and so on. Catena has come into a very enviable fortune. At the National Gallery he has made out a strong case for himself and at Venice his adorable picture of Saint Cristina and her angels kneeling at dawn by the lagoon rewards an early morning pilgrimage to its shrine. But Bissolo has pictures slung to him with reservations, like the delicious blond and rose portrait of the National Gallery, and I fear that we pass his authentic works in the galleries, those of us who do not profess to know all the painters. Peace then to Bissolo! This design was never his own. Giovanni Bellini must have hammered out its monumental simplicity; it is the mother of all later, looser, more self-conscious pictures of this sort like Titian's "Laura Dianti," and that painter, or rather what we call Giorgione, ought to have painted it. The bare green wall of the room extends for rather better than two-thirds across the canvas, and then is broken by a window opening on landscape and a sky flooded at the horizon with bright cloud, or it may be, sea. The nude figure, seen to the knees, is seated, and built up so that the almost straight line of one side just plays over the perpendicular of the window. Her head cuts into the round of a mirror behind it and she looks into a smaller one in her hand. The other hand arranges a rich headdress and the pose of the two arms makes a lovely knot of lines in which the horizontal of the sill, the curves of the mirror and head are echoed and varied upon. It is one of those perfect designs where the pattern sense finds infinite play in the severe blocks of circles and squares combined with and disguised in a human figure. And this subtle disposing and the sculpture-like massing of the figure give force to a perfectly conceived mood, beauty caught into a trance of self-contemplation.

And this superb image has been marred in its drawing and blurred in its painting so that it too must be hung in the secret gallery, but near the centre.

Not so a portrait, ascribed with the greatest probability to Raphael, that hangs in the same collection at Messrs. Agnews'. Here is a first-rate drawing of the kind to which Leonardo spurred the young Raphael. The painting is not like Leonardo's: all imitation of it fell over on the leathery side; but that is not the point. The work is one of masterly precision in

delineation and shadow modelling, masterly rendering of character. This is of the kind for public exhibition and example. Strange that it should turn up at this time of day and be for sale. Our National Gallery ought to secure it. D. S. M.

THE ART OF CONCERT-GIVING.

IN our great schools of music we have professors of this and of that; but quite unaccountably a most important branch of music has not been provided for. Ninety-nine in every hundred students intend to give concerts sooner or later, and generally sooner; and the remaining one generally thinks himself fit to give concerts before he goes to school. They are all taught how to play an instrument or to sing; they are even given opportunities of overcoming their preliminary nervousness by premature appearances at students' concerts; then they are turned out into the world knowing nothing of the principal part of their business. The art of giving concerts is one that clamours for instant attention. As an inveterate concert-goer with many years of bitter experience behind me, I declare that we critics, and the general public also, suffer less from bad artists than from badly, inartistically arranged concerts. Not one artist in a thousand has the remotest notion of the proper way of drawing up a programme. They follow their leader; there their art of concert-giving begins and ends. Because Paderewski and other pianists always start away with Bach or Beethoven and finish with Liszt or Tausig, they too start away with Bach or Beethoven and finish with Liszt or Tausig. Juvenile fiddlers copy Sarasate's programmes; budding singers copy Mr. Bispham's or Mr. Henschel's. They forget that each artist must arrange his programme to suit his own temperament and style; and that if he does not do this deliberately he either fails, or succeeds because he possesses qualities that compensate for the bad programme. It is difficult enough to get the pieces of a mere piano-recital in the right order; and it is much more difficult to order things rightly when two or more artists share in the entertainment. I have no particularly definite suggestions to offer, because, although badly arranged concerts have often annoyed me, I have not given enough concerts of my own to discover how to do the thing well. Some professor should be sent on a kind of listening tour through Europe, with the intention of finding the underlying principle that makes concerts bad or good, pleasurable or displeasing, irrespective of the artistic merit of the concert-givers. A comparison of a thousand programmes of the finest artists of the day, the idiosyncrasies of the artists being kept in mind, ought to lead to something. Then the happy discoverer of the Law of Programmes could either lecture at the Royal College of Music, or take chambers in the Temple, and sit there, like a consulting lawyer, to give his clients the best advice they could pay for. That I may not be forestalled by this gentleman I will at once give to the world my own trifling observations. The first is that no programme should be too long, and that an overwhelming percentage of the concerts given every day are far too long. If it were possible to sit twelve hours over dinner, eating all the time, long before the end one's palate would cease to distinguish between anchovies and ice-putting: it would retire worn out. Now the ear wearies much more quickly than the palate: at least it ceases to exercise its finest functions much sooner. One may sit two hours over a dinner; but after an hour and a half of a piano recital, one no longer gets the same pleasure from a beautiful tone or suffers the same annoyance from an unbeautiful tone as one did at the beginning. That is why critics usually give wrong judgments: in the season they have so much music that they may hear a fine artist and not recognise him or hear a bad artist and think his tone as fine as the finest. An hour ought to be the maximum length of a piano-recital. An hour and a half is long enough for a vocal recital, garnished with fiddle or piano solos; and a couple of hours, with an interval of a quarter of an hour in the middle, is long enough for an orchestral concert, in which of course there is a greater

variety of tones. Of course this plea is a selfish one. Indeed the critics have endured so much at the hands of long-concert-givers that before long (I hear) they propose to introduce a Bill into the House of Commons authorising them to shoot any artist the moment he exceeds the periods I have laid down. As an alternative to this is the proposal to make the giving of a long concert a criminal offence, punishable in the first instance with penal servitude for life, in the second with hanging, and in the third with perpetual incarceration in a lunatic asylum. This plan, however, has certain disadvantages. My second observation is this: that concerts should not necessarily close on the triumphant crash of some Tausig piece, or on the scream of a bravura song, or on the wild skirl of a Paganini fiddle piece. What would the average playgoer think of a drama that ended with the murder of the two principal characters? Of course he would wait in his seat until the right people had been punished and the others happily married and set down to live happily ever after. I plead for a more frequent happy ending to a concert: it is disagreeable to go away with a vision of Mr. Hipkins coming in mournfully to examine the wreck of what was a fine Broadwood until the finale was played. Let us even have Liszt at the beginning of piano recitals, Paganini, de Beriot and Vieuxtemps at the beginning of violin recitals, the bravura song or Wagner scene at the beginning of vocal recitals. Let the most interesting music come towards the close, that our attention may be held until the last note. Thirdly, artists should endeavour to get further away from, rather than closer to, other artists in their programmes. They should hunt out unfamiliar things, instead of putting down the inevitable Chopin set, and Beethoven set, and Liszt set. Pianists are the greatest offenders in this way, though fiddlers, singers and orchestra conductors are far from blameless. To conclude, for me the whole Law of Concertology at present is summed up thus: On no account shall the concert-giver bore his audience. It may be objected that this involves concert-givers selecting their audiences; and I reply that it does, and that as they do it already there is no reason why they should not do it intelligently. No one ever buys a concert-ticket nowadays; the tickets are sent out by the agencies and by the artists themselves; so why should not the people who will best appreciate the artists' efforts be picked?

One of the worst offenders in the matter of programmes has always been the Philharmonic Society. Some years ago, in these columns, I described one of its concerts as a preposterous hodge-podge, a kind of nightmare dinner in which beef and chicken and plum-pudding and sardines were thrown to the guests indiscriminately, in no sort of order. Since that time it has not sought to mend its ways: it has only sought to suppress fair criticism. The consequence of this and of its inartistic orgies is that no body is more commonly spoken of contemptuously by all really musical people. It was at one time the laughing stock of every nation excepting England; now England has joined in the laughter. The explanation of the change of England's attitude is partly that the younger part of the press has lately told the truth about the Philharmonic, partly that England no longer adores the foreign mediocrity as of yore. The Philharmonic could at one time make the fortune of a foreign mediocrity by inviting him to play or to sing at one of its concerts. England took him seriously. Now that we despise the mediocrity, no matter what his nationality may be, the Philharmonic only makes itself more ridiculous every time it tries to foist one upon us as a heaven-sent genius. Lately it has not even succeeded in finding mediocrities, and has had to put up with downright dullards. First-rank artists are growing more and more chary of appearing at its concerts. The last time Paderewski was to play, he bolted on some pretence; and no one could blame him. The wreath that was to be presented to him was (I am told) carefully gilt and presented to Joachim, who probably endured the insult for the sake of old memories. At present the Philharmonic wants a conductor. Sir Alexander Mackenzie has resigned. I hope it will get a bad one. A good one might galvanise it to a brief semblance of life; but it would speedily fall back again into its ancient ways. A bad one will kill it; and we

shall all be glad. From all I hear it appears likely that it will get a very bad one indeed; though no appointment has been made at the moment of writing. To any artist who may read this article I would say: Beware of the Philharmonic type of programme and of concert: it spells ruin, utter ruin. J. F. R.

FINANCE.

WITH the single exception of American Rails it can scarcely be said that any department of the Stock Exchange has been really active during the week, but though such dealings as have taken place have been mainly professional the tone on the whole has been fairly good. Everything is still waiting for the settlement of the Transvaal difficulty, and the arrival of Dreyfus in France has perhaps added slightly to the nervousness of the timid, from the fear that his second trial by court martial may lead to another crisis. But the fact that the new composite ministry has no longer a hornet's nest of deputies buzzing about its ears and the resolute way in which both its members and President Loubet are going about their business is alone sufficient to inspire confidence in future events in France. After M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire's extinction amid shouts of laughter at the way in which he was hoaxed by the mock spy who parodied the anti-Dreyfusard methods so admirably, the Nationalist party may be left out of account in estimating the possibility of future trouble in the French capital. The only way in which M. de Beaurepaire could increase his own confusion he promptly took by writing to his paper to explain. The Paris Bourse has on the whole been fairly cheerful, thanks to the stronger tone in copper shares brought about by the change in the statistical position of the metal. The riots in Madrid last Saturday caused a slight fall in Spanish bonds, but even this was soon recovered when it was seen that the disturbances were without sequel, the fact that the Council of Foreign Bondholders has now taken the question of Spanish Fours in hand fostering a faint hope that something may perhaps be done at last to rescue Spain from the financial morass in which she is floundering. On Thursday someone seems to have tried to get up a "bear" scare by a cock and bull story about a Bulgarian revolution, which turned out to be absolutely without foundation, but the Foreign market scarcely turned a hair. However, it gave some of the evening papers the opportunity of showing, as they have shown too often of late, by the sensational and misleading headlines on their contents bills, that a "yellow" press is not wholly a monopoly of Chicago and New York.

The very remarkable activity of trade at home, to which we have often referred this year, continues to make large demands upon the money market, and to prevent discount rates from falling when all the indications seem to point to an approaching relaxation of the firmness of the market. It was generally expected that after the turn of the half-year, followed by the release of dividends on the funds, money would be again abundant, and last week, although day to day money was dear, discount rates eased off with some suddenness. The large influx of gold to the Bank of England during the week, amounting on balance to £1,730,000, seemed also to make for an easier position, but the Bank Return on Thursday showed that only £665,000 of this had remained with the Bank, the rest having been absorbed into the home circulation, in addition to a large amount in notes. In spite of the large influx of gold the reserve consequently decreased £212,648, though, owing to the reduction in the Bank's liabilities, consequent on the dividend disbursements and a large reduction in the "other" deposits, the proportion of reserve to liabilities increased 3½ per cent. to 41 per cent. Probably next week the release of dividends will have its effect in greater ease, two influences having contributed to the hardening of the market this week. On Thursday Treasury Bills were issued exceeding in amount those paid off by about £1,000,000, and money had to be found for these, whilst tenders for £1,750,000 of London County Council Two and a half per Cent.

Stock made a further temporary demand upon the market. The applications for the latter amounted to nearly £6,000,000 at prices varying from the minimum of £90 to £102 15s. 6d. We understand that a comparatively large sum was allotted at the top price. Tenders at £92 25s. will receive a little more than half the amount applied for. Tenders at a higher price will be allotted in full. The average price realised was £92 5s. 4d. Paris is now an eager buyer of gold, but in its efforts to buy it comes into rivalry with the Bank of England, which has succeeded in absorbing the greater portion of the supplies, although Paris has been offering 77s. 9½d. per ounce. As an illustration of the very great activity of home trade to which we have referred it is interesting to note that the clearings at the London Bankers' Clearing House last week were the largest on record, amounting to £253,412,000, or £58,669 more than in the corresponding week last year.

It is not surprising in view of the active demand for money in the industries, in which in good times a much higher yield of interest can be obtained than by investing in the highest class of railway securities, there should not be much demand for home railway stocks. There is of course no pressure to sell, but with the Bank rate at 3 per cent. speculation in this market, where 3 per cent. on Ordinary stock may be taken as the normal yield, is at a standstill. It is expected by some that when the railway dividend announcements come to be made there will be more activity, but on the contrary it is during the period of uncertainty preceding the announcements that speculation is likely to prevail, and if it does not occur now it is not likely to spring up later. Considering the even tide of prosperity of most of our Home Railways during the past half-year there is in fact very little to go for either way, since very fair forecasts can be made from the reported traffic receipts of the dividends to be announced. Necessarily there are always a few surprises. One company's actual receipts sometimes exceed more, sometimes less, than usual the reported receipts. Another has succeeded in keeping down its proportion of working expenditure and thus increases its net receipts. Another has precisely the contrary experience. This one has capital charges to meet in excess of those anticipated; that has spent less than it intended to do and for the moment is richer in dividend funds on that account. But during the past half-year the main uncertainty is with regard to the results of the joint Chatham and Dover and South-Eastern line. And even here the position of the Chatham Company is very generally appreciated. The Second Preference Stock is assured of its full dividend, thanks to the favourable proportion of the total receipts the Chatham Company receives under the working agreement. And there will pretty certainly be a fair balance forward as a nest egg for a dividend from the hitherto sterile Ordinary, an outlook which makes this stock still look cheap at its present price, although there are 11½ millions of it. The South-Eastern on the other hand has a quite uncertain outlook, since its share of the combined earnings is less than it would have received if the amalgamation had not been effected, and it has largely increased capital charges to meet. It is quite expected by many people who do not believe that it will have been possible to make any great economies in expenditure during the past half-year on the joint system that the South-Eastern dividend will be reduced. Those who hold the view that there will be a small increase in the dividend certainly seem unduly sanguine.

After a steady rise and a firm tone American Rails have had a slight set-back owing to profit-taking in New York, but in view of the continued expansion of traffic receipts it seems very probable that in spite of the great slump in American industrial shares there will soon be a further upward movement. In fact it is to be remembered that the reason for the great rise in values which has taken place during the past eighteen months has been the wonderful prosperity of the States, which has furnished forth an enormous amount of savings seeking investment. The Americans turned their attention first to their own railway stocks, then largely held by European investors, and their persistent buying for investment purposes led to the extraordinary

export of American railway securities from Europe across the Atlantic, which quite destroyed the balance of trade in favour of America and led to the present large gold exports from New York. Then as prices reached a high level American investors sought bigger profits in industrial securities, and there was a temporary decline, whilst the Trust mania carried all before it. The inflation of industrials led to its own cure, and if the States had been merely ordinarily prosperous the slump might have led to severe disaster. The ruling factor in the position is, however, that the prosperity of the United States is quite extraordinary and the collapse of the Trusts did little apparent harm. Its effect was, nevertheless, to make Americans with money to invest turn again to their own railways, and there is a great probability that a further upward movement is imminent. Especially the Vanderbilt stocks seem likely to go higher, for the great consolidation scheme for a trans-Continental line appears to be slowly maturing. The first step seems indeed upon the eve of being taken.

The South African market seems now inclined to take a sanguine view of the position in the Transvaal, though in the midst of the conflicting rumours which sway it from hour to hour and even from minute to minute it is not quite clear why at this particular juncture it should have adopted this conclusion. Dealings remain mainly professional and there is a good deal of hurried "bear" selling, followed by a not less precipitate scramble to cover the moment the "bear" turns round and someone whispers in his ear the latest favourable rumour. The wiser heads stand rather aloof, but they do not miss any opportunity of picking up cheap stock when it comes their way. Since the small set-back there has in fact all along been a steady undercurrent of buying, not large in amount, nor vociferous in its methods, but persistent enough to give a firmness to the market, and this is probably the explanation of the comparative smallness of the decline in Transvaal gold shares since the position in South Africa became acute. But the speculative public is as yet wholly absent and will remain so until some definite pronouncement concerning the actual position of affairs is forthcoming from the Colonial Office. And until the Transvaal Executive has sent its reply to Mr. Chamberlain's despatch in answer to the Uitlanders' petition clearly no such pronouncement can be made. If the latest news from the Transvaal is to be believed the probability that President Kruger will yield to the solicitations of his friends and grant something near the "irreducible minimum" seems greater than it has yet appeared, and it is the possibility of this happening that makes the market so sensitive, for no dealer wants to be caught short of stock if the outside public should suddenly make up its mind to rush in and buy. The firmness of several deep level shares throughout the recent alarms has been remarkable. Geldenhuis Deep and Rose Deep, for instance, scarcely budge. The possible scarcity of native labour even does not seem to affect them, and should there actually be a shortage of labour it is possible that these two mines will be prevented from having to make lower returns by drafting labour into them from some of the mines of the same group which are as yet only developing. It is to be remembered, however, that these two are amongst the most strongly held of Transvaal gold shares and that this is the principal reason for their steadiness amidst all alarms. The death of Mr. H. E. M. Davies, chairman of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Limited, and of the South African Gold Trust, Limited, is a misfortune for both companies. Mr. Davies had been long associated with the fortunes of the Consolidated Goldfields group and his death will be much regretted.

The copper market continues in an interesting condition, and the price of the metal, it is to be observed, has this week shown a further advance. The monthly statistics show a falling off in the visible supply, the total of 29,004 tons on the 30th ult. comparing with 30,156 tons a month earlier. This, however, has not resulted from any marked diminution in fresh supplies or from any marked increase in deliveries for bona-fide consumption. In the last fortnight there have been

shipments to the United States amounting to 1,200 tons, which is more than sufficient to account for the decrease. Seeing that the industrial consumption of copper in America is as small as ever and that the imports into Europe from that country in June were 11,596 tons compared with 6,625 tons in May, 9,204 tons in April and an average of 8,800 tons for the five months from January to May, the inference is clear that the "lifting" of stocks from the London market is attributable to the endeavours of the Amalgamated Company to keep control of the situation. This, in fact, is notoriously the explanation of the present state of affairs, and the future depends upon the ability of the Americans to continue playing this dangerous game. The total supplies in the month were 17,925 tons against 19,701 tons, the increase from America being offset by smaller receipts from miscellaneous sources and from Chili which has sent 1,500 tons to New York. The deliveries of 19,077 tons compare with 16,074 tons for May.

The condition of tin remains very firm, and the price for forward delivery has this week reached as much as £125 per ton. The explanation is found in the satisfactory nature, from the market point of view, of the statistical position. Supplies persist in thinning down in spite of the phenomenal advance in prices, and on the 3rd inst. they did not exceed 20,269 tons, compared with 22,044 tons on 1 June, and 26,052 tons a year ago. As a fact, they are no larger now than they were at the end of last year, when people first became seriously alarmed on the matter. The rise in values must have induced greater mining activity, more particularly in the Straits, where the industry is in a well-organised condition, and so capable of rising to an emergency. It seems probable from what we have been told of the influx of more Chinese into the tin-fields this year, that supplies are being held back deliberately until the purposes of the market have been achieved. The delay in obtaining further supplies from Australia may be more readily accounted for. Although there is plenty of stanniferous ground in New South Wales, Queensland, and Tasmania, it has been neglected by the low range of values ruling down to the present boom, and development work necessarily occupies considerable time. This applies less to Tasmania, where the Mount Bischoff mines are producing steadily, than to the other colonies, where gold has taken precedence and where tin-mining has in any case been retarded by the prolonged droughts.

Though the most recent reports show an improvement in the condition of the American wheat crop, it is beyond question that the yield of winter and probably of spring wheat will show a considerable decrease as compared with last year. A conservative estimate puts the total at about 550,000,000 bushels compared with 675,000,000 bushels last year and 590,000,000 bushels in 1897. Reports from other countries point to no large increase anywhere, while in the majority of instances the indications point either to a diminution or at the best, and that in only a few cases, to an average crop. Thanks mainly to the phenomenal American crop, the world's aggregate for 1898 was good. It ran to 2,748,000,000 bushels, whereas the most optimistic estimate for the current year gives only 2,504,000,000 bushels—a reduction of 244,000,000 bushels, equivalent to 8.9 per cent. Another forecast looks for a decrease of as much as 352,000,000 bushels. Russia is the largest producer on the Continent, and though favourable accounts are given of conditions in some few localities, it seems certain that the total for the Empire will be very small. The winter grain crops in the country round Odessa and Nikolaieff have been almost destroyed by drought, and the spring sowings have been damaged from the same cause. France anticipates a shortage of 20,000,000 bushels as compared with last year; Germany and Austria look for an average return; while the Hungarian estimate points to 140,000,000 bushels, against 124,000,000 bushels. India should have more surplus for export, for in the North-West Provinces and Bengal there has been an increase in the acreage, and the Government reports on conditions are generally fair.

The report of the Rock Life Assurance Company for

1898 shows that excellent progress is being made. The new business recorded amounts to 1,099 policies, assuring £551,675, yielding £20,727 in premiums. This is a larger amount than any previous year, but that it is not a mere temporary spurt is shown by the fact that the new business in the last five years exceeds the amount written in the previous five years by over 50 per cent. when the premiums are compared, and by 30 per cent. when the comparison is based on sums assured. These are satisfactory results to have accomplished, and follow naturally from the improved prospects for policy-holders that have been gradually brought about during the last few years. For a long time the business of the office suffered from difficulties in connexion with the possession of too much capital; but these difficulties have now been got over, with the result that participating policy-holders practically receive a much larger proportion of the surplus than they formerly did. The Rock has often been adversely criticised on the subject of its unnecessarily large capital, and until recent years the matter appeared in the accounts in such a form as to make it almost impossible to ascertain the real facts of the case. The accounts now show all the transactions quite clearly, and the matter has been gradually brought to a state to which no exception can be taken. The fact is the Rock has suffered in at least two ways, from being wealthy and from being old, features which are undeniably of great value to an assurance company, but which occasionally produce difficulties which have to be surmounted. The difficulty of too much wealth has, as we have said, been overcome, and the difficulty that has arisen from the Company's age—viz. its system of bonus distribution—has frequently led to its being misunderstood. The office was founded in 1806, and adopted the bonus system that was most approved and was most appropriate at that time. The system is one that gives very small bonuses in the early years of assurance, and rapidly increases them as time goes on. At each valuation a bonus is declared for every year that the policy has been in force, so that if at the first valuation the policy receives a bonus for seven years, at the second it receives a bonus for fourteen years, at the third for twenty-one years, and so on. This system was gradually supplanted by methods that give larger bonuses to begin with, and do not increase with anything like the same rapidity. In more recent years the Tontine system, which gives no bonus at all for some such period as twenty years, has become popular, and obviously the system of the Rock combines the merits of the two plans. It is free from the objection sometimes urged against the Tontine system, that no bonus at all is received for many years, while it possesses the merits of that system in giving exceptionally large bonuses to long-standing policies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., 5 July, 1899.

SIR,—Before expressing such a strong opinion as he does on the inferiority of French, "essentially emasculated tongue," Professor Tyrrell would have done well to have taken a few lessons in the language which he criticises. Only a person totally ignorant of French would use the expression "*beaucoup belle*," which sounds quite as ridiculous across the Channel as "*much beautiful*" or "*much horses*" would in England. "*Le Dieu Seigneur tout-puissant règne*" is not correct either: it ought to be "*le Seigneur Dieu tout-puissant*;" in English, "*the God Lord omnipotent . . .*" would be equally odd.

Professor Tyrrell's opinion on French recalls to my mind—only in a reverse manner—Monsieur Cardinal's celebrated dictum on the comparative merits of Rome and Chicago: "*Madame Cardinal . . . je ne connais pas Chicago, mais je préfère Chicago . . .*" On the strength of his French quotations, the learned Pro-

fessor's opinion could be summarised as follows: "I don't know French, but I prefer English."

Yours truly, A. VAN BRANTEGHEM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

270-271 Strand, London, W.C., 1 July, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—May I point out that no Frenchman does say that a girl is "beaucoup belle," as Professor Tyrrell could probably find out by consulting any Irish school-girl? And may I add that for one thus ignorant of the elements of French to pose as an authority on the poetic capacity of the language is, to say the least, slightly ridiculous?

But even if Professor Tyrrell did not put himself out of court his main contention would still be so preposterous as to make one doubt if it is put forward seriously. If French is "an essentially emasculated language, a pigeon Latin," so are Spanish and Italian. Would Professor Tyrrell put the finest lines of Dante, of Michael Angelo, of Leopardi, of Calderon, of Manrique on the same level as his supposititious "dat nightey time come on chop chop"? If not, why should he measure Villon, Agrippa d'Aubigné, Racine, Chénier, Musset and Baudelaire by a different standard?

Professor Tyrrell is a distinguished Latin scholar, but if appreciation of Latin is to render him deaf to the harmonies of the neo-Latin languages, one may suggest that it has been purchased at too high a price.

Meanwhile if French is to be condemned as emasculated Latin, why should not English be equally condemned as "emasculated Anglo-Saxon"? Or does Professor Tyrrell think that English alone has the right to change? As a simple matter of fact I could quote a depreciation of English, conceived exactly in the same spirit as Professor Tyrrell's depreciation of French, by one of the most brilliant German historians of the century.

Handel, we are told, was inspired by the words "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Does Professor Tyrrell seriously contend that Handel's music would have been less inspired if he had known no English and been compelled to use the German version as his text?—I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

ALFRED NUTT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris: 2 July, 1899.

SIR,—The discussion of the suggestiveness of the French language seems, as is generally the case with discussions, to have branched off into a side issue.

"Max" originally stated that the French language was exquisite but not suggestive; that in order to be suggestive it had to be unintelligible.

I maintained that French poetry was as suggestive to Frenchmen as English poetry is to Englishmen.

Whether English poetry is *more* suggestive than French poetry is another question. I am ready to admit that it is; but neither on account of Matthew Arnold's eminence as a critic nor by reason of Mr. Tyrrell's arguments. Matthew Arnold's opinion on the subject does not give one pause; because Matthew Arnold, admirable as he was as a critic of English literature, was "tone deaf" as regards French poetry; and in any case it seems to me that Sainte-Beuve, Jules Lemaitre, Anatole France are better judges of French poetry than Matthew Arnold.

As to Mr. Tyrrell's argument about French being a bastard language, no language comes straight into existence as Pallas from the brain of Jove; and he might equally well say that Greek and Latin are a bastard Sanskrit.

Italian is a bastard language; but not even Matthew Arnold denied the grandeur of its poetry.

The Latin element in English might also be called bastard; and "multitudinous" is as bastard a word as "beaucoup." When a Frenchman says a girl is "beaucoup belle," he is presumably speaking pigeon French; as an Englishman would be if he said a girl was "much beautiful."

Pigeon English will not be any more suggestive in 2,000 years than pigeon French or English slang is

at the present day; but it is the language of the great poets and great prose writers 2,000 years hence that will appear suggestive and mighty; for it is Dante who created Italian and Luther who made German.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

M. B.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford, 4 July, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—May I add another "B" to the collection which is being formed on this subject? My claim for intrusion is not that I feel the mystery and the secondary planes of language, for in this divine faculty I am inferior to your correspondents; it is rather that I have been brought up in both countries, that I speak and write both languages, one as much as the other, and that my parentage is drawn from both sides of the Channel.

"M. B." is in my judgment right: I can say so without hesitation because it is easy for me to compare a number of instances in my own mind.

To give these force, my best plan is to select those passages in either language which happen to be bald, simple and even jejune in diction, and which (on my word and honour) have given me just that other thrill which (subject to the reservations made above) I occasionally feel.

Here are a couple: Longfellow with his

"... But brown sea-faring men

Came to me now and then

With their sagas of the seas,"

and Lamartine saying how in

"... lacs profonds et calmes

Le Cygne chasse l'onde avec ses larges palmes."

Shakespeare:—

"... jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

The Chanson de Roland:—

"Hauts sont li puy et tenebreux et grands,

Et dans li vals sont li eaues courants."

Mr. Tyrrell may complain that the last two lines are mediæval and say that since they were written the French language has decayed; yet surely bastards grow in dignity with age, being in youth paltry and despised, but later in life often of eminence and taking on new names.

I cannot close without referring to Mr. Tyrrell's "beaucoup belle"; an Englishman who said this would be treated with the courtesy due to strangers, but a Frenchman would be preparing for himself an unhappy manhood and a friendless old age.

It is a terrible commentary on the modern system of primary education.—Yours, &c.

H. B.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Princes Street, Cavendish Square, 4 July, 1889.

SIR,—A great love and admiration for the French language does not prevent my thinking with "Max" and Professor Tyrrell that as a means of forceful expression it is far behind our own English, and that it lacks the suggestiveness of the latter to a great extent, and this in spite of the really exquisite examples adduced by "M. B." Nor is this all; the English language is richer in beautiful words, many of which, unhappily, are neglected by writers of the day, with the result that anyone using them is accused of affectation.

As to prejudice, a greater German than he whom "M. B." quotes—the famous Grimm—said that after the ancient Greek the English language was the most rich in power and variety of expression.—Yours, &c.

D. MADELEY.

A PLEA FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE DUEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Dudley Place, St. Mary's Square, Paddington,

5 July, 1899.

SIR,—Why is it that the practice of wiping out our most deadly sins by duelling has been abolished in England and in India and the Colonies? Is it because we want to encourage perjury in the law courts? I am

certain that the natives of India would respect us the more if a dishonoured husband were allowed to appeal to the pistol instead of to the Divorce Court. Moreover, if duelling were still in vogue among Englishmen the Uitlanders of the Transvaal would now be led by O'Trigger instead of by intriguing financiers and capitalists. The following extract from Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" puts the unregenerate nature of man in a nutshell:—"Lady Macleod asked, if no man was naturally good? Johnson: 'No, madam, no more than a wolf.' Boswell: 'Nor no woman, sir?' Johnson: 'No, sir.' Lady Macleod started at this, saying, in a low voice, 'This is worse than Swift.'" I have often pondered the above-mentioned opinion of Dr. Johnson; and after having made eighteen voyages between India and England I have come to the conclusion that there are many worse things than duelling.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

DONALD N. REID.

THIBAW'S QUEEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Neckinger Mills, Bermondsey, London.
3 July, 1899.

SIR,—“Thibaw's Queen,” by H. Fielding (London: Harper) is an interesting narrative, which is not to be taken as serious history,” &c.

The above statement appears in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 1 July, 1899.

The author who is resident in Upper Burma (and for whom I am London agent) took much trouble and spent much time gathering and verifying the evidence that he has cast into the above-named narrative, which I am able to assure you is substantially true.

As the reputation of the author as a serious historian is of value to him, he being also the author of “The Soul of a People,” will you have the goodness to correct the above statement in your next issue?—Yours truly,

FRED. W. FOSTER.

[Our statement that the book is not to be taken as serious history is based on the circumstance that it is made up of the gossip of a maid-of-honour, that it is thrown into the form of a story, and that the author himself says: “It will be understood that this is no history.”—ED. S.R.]

STAGE-HISTORY AS SHE IS WROTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your article on “Robespierre” sheds an appropriate light upon the close of the theatrical season. I that address you, pride myself upon never having seen a French actor or read a French play. But I feel that the French public require proper instruction on the elementary facts of English history. I have therefore indited a drama in our own tongue, upon the subject of “George the Third.” He is represented as dying, at the age of twenty-three, of a dose of poison administered by his grandmother, and surrounded by the “corps de ballet.” By the general desire of the Lords and Commons, in a remarkable scene which passes in the Gilded Chamber, his throne is assumed by his nephew, the Regent, a very old man of a slim figure, and an unimpeachable morality. And the curtain falls.

In the absence of any actor in our own country who can, in stage-phrases, “look at” the part of George, I have indited it especially for Monsieur Coquelin, whose part is long, but purely historical. A youthful Coquelin will render my play into the French vernacular. An actress of the name of “Clara Burnhart” (as I think they spell her in France) is, as I understand, possessed of a certain reputation, and will undertake the leading female character, carefully confined to a very few lines, and invented entirely by myself in consequence of the curious and inartistic barrenness of history. I do not propose to produce my play in England, where it might be partially misunderstood. Nor do I propose to visit France in order to superintend, to see, or to have anything on earth to do with it.—Your obedient servant,

ANGLO-HISTORICUS.

REVIEWS.

TWO VIEWS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

“Sketches and Studies in South Africa.” By Canon Knox-Little. London: Isbister. 1899.
“An English South-African's View of the Situation. Words in Season.” By Olive Schreiner. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1899.

THE gravity of the present situation in South Africa might well impose silence upon impressionist writers, and the only excuse that charity will find for the appearance of either of these books at this moment is the invincible ignorance of the British public and part of the British Press. Canon Knox-Little attempts to dispel that ignorance, but a man must see clearly himself before he can guide others, and although the “Sketches and Studies” contain some valuable lessons, to which we shall revert, the author's six months' scamper through a region half the size of Europe has filled him with hasty impressions which should have been corrected by serious study before they were given to the world. Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner, on the other hand, appears to us to be playing deliberately upon British ignorance and British sentimentality. As sister of the Cape Premier, and as “the one woman of genius whom South Africa has produced,” she may be supposed to understand the facts of the political situation. Since in her eirenicon she has ignored some of those facts and enshrouded others in a web of verbiage, we must reluctantly conclude that she thinks peace more valuable than truth. Her eloquent little book is based upon the assumption that a war-party in England and Johannesburg is wantonly attempting to disturb the placid harmony which at present reigns in South Africa. Now we have the fullest sympathy with a writer who desires to emphasise the horrors of war between the white races of South Africa. But peace is not to be preserved by ignoring the grievances of the Uitlanders, and preaching the inviolable sanctity of the “Republican” régime in Pretoria. Mrs. Schreiner's claim to speak for the English of South Africa may be dismissed at once. A Cape lady of German family does not become a representative Englishwoman by the production of a successful novel in the English language, and her arguments and sentiments would hardly be endorsed by a single English Afrikaner. She ignores absolutely the peripeteia of the African political drama brought about by the deliberate declaration by Sir Alfred Milner of views matured in two years of silent patience. She produces no facts to set against the complaints contained in the Uitlanders' petition. She repeats the old assertions that Johannesburg is but a Tom Tiddler's ground for the vagrant wretches of Europe, failing to see that no danger to the Boer supremacy is to be feared if indeed the Uitlanders are “birds of passage.” She declares, with a certain eloquence, that the Transvaal Boers are a righteous Puritan folk, disturbed by the arrival in their midst of a motley gathering “ex colluvie omnium gentium.” She does not care to acknowledge that the Englishman in the “South African Republic” is shorn of most of the rights which are ungrudgingly conceded to the Dutch in all the British colonies and protectorates, and to the English in the Orange Free State. Her imaginary parallel of the swamping of England by Continental immigrants hardly deserves express refutation, since she has forgotten that the Transvaal Republic is the creature of an English Cabinet, formed in the vain hope that the European dwellers north of the Vaal River might develop a more satisfactory administration if freed from the direct intervention of the Imperial Government. And, in despite of the unmistakable pronouncements of the English of South Africa, delivered in responsible and orderly gatherings in the chief towns, Mrs. Schreiner has the assurance to declare that, in case of war, all Afrikanders, English and Dutch alike, would rise to defend the Pretoria oligarchy against the pretensions of the Queen's ministers: that, in short, an ultimatum to President Kruger would be the earnest of an independent republican South Africa. Seldom has such a misleading document been delivered as a text-book to sentimentalists. The undoubted eloquence of parts of

her appeal is marred by errors of taste, and her prophecy of the coming fusion of the two races loses half its value when she pretends that they are at present kept apart by the meddlesomeness of Downing Street, and not by the intolerance of Pretoria.

Canon Knox-Little sees the facts more clearly, but his testimony is in a great degree spoiled by his unworthy prejudice against the Dutch race, a prejudice against which Mr. Rhodes, to whom the book is dedicated, has consistently appealed throughout his career. The Canon cannot forgive the Dutch for being Calvinists, a sentiment which seems to us, earnest Anglicans as we are, more than out of place in the citizen of an empire largely built by Scotchmen. It cannot be too strenuously proclaimed at present, and at all junctures, that our quarrel, if quarrel there is to be, is not with the Dutch Afrikanders, but with the Pretoria oligarchy. We must deplore the writer's treatment of the Raid, since he manifestly thinks that if revolution in Johannesburg was justifiable, the invasion of the Transvaal was laudable. We cannot dwell upon the many points of interest in the "Sketches and Studies," but we must note that the author, in spite of his travels, is satisfied to base some of his contentions against the Transvaal upon grounds which appeal to insular philanthropists, but fail to move English residents in Africa. For example, he has some very sensible things to say upon the foolish policy of "petting the natives" occasionally adopted by ourselves, and yet he repeats the cry that the Dutch are the oppressors and the English the protectors of natives. As a matter of fact any stick is not good enough to beat a Boer with. The Transvaal native policy is bad mainly because the entire Pretoria system is bad, alike for rulers and ruled, and not, as the Canon seems to think, because the Boer is *a priori* a fiend. Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet increased the burden of their ignominy by deserting in 1881 a native population whose chiefs had openly expressed a preference for British rule, but we are protesting against President Kruger's policy not on the ground that he refuses the franchise to Kaffirs, but because he refuses it to Englishmen, and the position of natives is at this moment not in question, although native problems can never be ignored. The real merit of Canon Knox-Little's book lies in the recapitulation of the events between 1876 and 1884. He shows how Sir Bartle Frere, under the pressure of dishonest outcries in England, was deserted by his employers just as certain Radicals would like to see Sir Alfred Milner deserted to-day. He shows how Mr. Gladstone, in his sudden fear of "bloodguiltiness," deliberately broke solemn engagements made towards not only the Kaffirs, but the Englishmen and the loyal Dutchmen of the Transvaal. He shows how the surrender after Majuba impressed upon the Afrikaner mind the belief that British Governments will sometimes yield to rifles what they will not yield to petitions. Just as Mr. Gladstone's action after the Clerkenwell explosion taught Irish Separatists once for all the lesson that violence is the best lever to apply to the Liberal conscience, so the surrender of the Transvaal to armed rebels tarnished English prestige throughout South Africa. The Boers were triumphant, and openly derided (and still deride) the plea of "magnanimity." The English were ashamed of England with a bitter shame which only those who have talked with members of the betrayed British garrison of Pretoria can understand. If we lose South Africa, it will not be because we insist upon treatment, medicinal if possible, surgical if necessary, of the political plague spot: it will be because we forfeit the confidence of loyal South Africans by showing them that England cannot be trusted to defend the interests of Englishmen beyond the seas. It should not be necessary to recapitulate for English readers the old disgraces, but English memories are so short that we believe these facts will come as a surprise to many. Wrapped in our national cloak of self-esteem, most of us do not believe that British policy can have been dishonest, cowardly, contemptible, in the eyes of loyal Englishmen. If the nation is reminded by a popular preacher that the dismissal of Frere was, in its way, as evil an act as the abandonment of Gordon, Canon Knox-Little's journey will not have been fruitless.

THE INFORMAL GARDEN.

"Our Gardens." By the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. (Haddon Hall Library.) London: Dent. 1899.

DEAN HOLE, as all who know him would expect, stands boldly forward as the prophet of the informal garden in England. The very notion of the garden being a subordinate adjunct of the house is to him a detestable piece of Dissent. He, somewhat audaciously, claims a catena of Catholic authority for its entire spiritual independence, though in order to establish this he has, like some other controversialists we have heard of, to admit that several of the earliest and greatest authorities were only struggling from darkness into light. In his chapter on "Progress" he starts from the famous essay of the great Chancellor whom he persistently miscalls "Lord Bacon," and takes us through Milton's naturally very informal Garden of Eden, and the sketched outlines of Pope and Addison in the "Guardian" and "Spectator" to the landscape gardening of Kent, before the Italian heresy was again revived. As for the architect of the modern "formal" garden, the Dean cannot away with him. "Nowhere," he says severely, "is his graceful art more abundantly displayed than in our own country, in our cathedrals and churches, our colleges, our halls and habitations. But beyond the precincts to which I have referred we do not require his service." And how Mr. Reginald Blomfield must shudder if ever he read the instructions for laying out a garden! The beds must be laid out, we are told, "in graceful curves, without points or angles:

'For Art's unerring rule is only drawn
From Nature's sacred source,'

and Nature ignores straight lines;" or "On the further side of this walk I see no escape from the objectionable straight line, but the beds on the one hand and the border on the other should occupy the attention of the visitor, and divert his eye from this sad distress."

Of all true brother or sister florists the Dean, as we should expect, has a hearty appreciation, from Kent, whom he considers the father of landscape gardening, to Miss Gertrude Jekyll and her charming "Wood and Garden." Of our own appreciation of this remarkable book the Dean neatly expresses the gist when he says that it is "unique in its alliance of the practical with the picturesque." He indulges in a friendly tilt at his old friend, the author of that famous book, "The English Flower Garden," to which he pays an enthusiastic tribute, on the question whether rose-beds may have any other plants among them; and here the Dean has much the best of the argument, and Mr. Robinson for once goes wholly wrong. If any sort of carpeting be needed, pegged-down roses and nothing else can be tolerated.

The Dean, as he has still retained the charm, has also not renounced the defects of his qualities. In the first place he has always been weak on the vital point for every useful book of an index. There is a meagre little attempt, of course, but to make the book a manual for recurring use—which it surely aims at—it should have been ten times as long. Then the names of flowers—especially, oddly enough, of Roses—are constantly misprinted, such as "Marie Beaumann," "Madame Wellermorz," "Madame Isaac Perriere" or "Periere" (it should be "Pereire"), and so on. And lastly the misquotations both in Latin and English are a serious intrusion on the prerogative of the neighbouring Dean of Canterbury. We find "cælum, non animam mutat;" "quid quæque ferat regio et quæque recusat," "fields fresh and pastures new." But we hope—oh, we hope!—it was only the wicked printer's devil who made the terrible false gender of "pyrus malus floribundus" (p. 120). And the Dean must have forgotten the "flagellum," the limber shoot of the Georgics, when he confesses himself puzzled about the name of the "spiræa canescens flagellata" as meaning "growing grey and whipped"! When the book reaches another edition, which it is sure to do, it should have all the names thoroughly revised, and a completely new index made.

But we cannot part from so pleasant a companion as the Dean with even this very moderate amount of censure. It would be hard for anyone who really loves a

garden to write an uninteresting book about it, but Dean Hole could not possibly write on anything without adding to it a charm. For wide knowledge of his subject, infectious good humour, a large stock of stories new and old, and a strain of manly religious sentiment which never suggests the goody-goody, Dean Hole is always the most winning of the prophets of the garden—so long as it is not formal.

WYKEHAM'S REGISTER.

"Hampshire Record Society. Register of Bishop William of Wykeham." Vol. II. Edited by T. F. Kirby, M.A., F.S.A. London: Simpkin. 1899.

VARIOUS signs have lately marked the canon-law and the practice of it in the courts "of Christianity" as likely to engage the special attention of English historical students in the next twenty years. The public at large will probably not be deeply concerned in the investigation. The contents of law-books, nay, their very external shape and appearance, are apt to be repellent to the layman, and we cannot say that Church law is any exception to the rule; indeed a large section of it is open to the further objection of dealing with subjects as unsavoury as the worst "shop" of a medical school. The student however will go to that branch of research in which new conclusions can be drawn, especially if the importance of the conclusions when reached will be readily recognised by the architectonic historian whose function it is to build them into a larger scheme. The growth of our knowledge of the mediæval common law and of the interaction between it and the ecclesiastical law is one of many causes contributing to make a demand for such conclusions at the present time; and the fact that we are only now realising that the laws necessary to an English canonist are not all to be found within the pages of Lyndwood opens a new and wide field for research. While however the laws themselves are accessible in any large library, the practice of the courts must be studied in records the MS. originals of which are scattered and difficult of access. From this point of view the volume now published by the Hampshire Record Society is of greater interest than its predecessor, which contained the ordinations and presentations to benefices. The present volume contains Wykeham's general diocesan business, and, in a separate series, royal writs and his returns to them. Without the actual proceedings of courts the effect of laws is almost always an unknown quantity. The two legal systems of the Church and King had originally overlapped, and the delimitation of their boundaries was a matter of procedure more than enactment. In the royal courts we see one side of the fence; the episcopal registers teach us something of the other. Unfortunately that something is not a great deal. If we have decretals and registers to correspond to statutes and patent-rolls we have nothing analogous to year-books. Much therefore must still remain obscure. Take for instance the practical effect of benefit of clergy; the clerical homicide or thief is claimed from the king's court by the bishop and put in the episcopal prison; what becomes of him? The secular records do not say. The present volume tells us that the bishop appoints a commission of compurgation, who report in some cases that the suspicion is grave, and refuse to admit him to purgation; in other and more numerous cases they report that no accusers appeared, so the accused and his oath-helpers make oath of his innocence and he is released. Are we to suppose all these dropped charges to be false? Or were there means to cause the accusers to refrain from appearing? If so, they were extra-judicial means, influence of confessors, possibly money payments, of which nothing is known. We hear nothing of compurgation where accusers were forthcoming, for the weighing of evidence is not a process for which the court appears to have any machinery. Yet in cases of legitimacy, one would suppose, a conflict as to facts must often have arisen. The returns to writs, however, speak only of searching records.

For the editing of the documents we have little but praise. The abbreviation of their repetitions and verbiage is judicious, the print good and read-

able, the notes few and generally trustworthy. We have noted but few misprints or misreadings of the text. The worst is on p. 231, where the Southwark court referred to is that of the Marshalsea (*Marescalcie*, not *Marchie*). Mr. Kirby should not have been led away by a mare's nest of Ducange, who makes an English mark equivalent to a pound. In the charter quoted *ecclesia xx. marc. vel librarum* merely means some benefice of not less than 20 nor more than 30 marks. Lexicographers, if necessarily drudges, are not invariably harmless. As to the personal history of the bishop we get little new light, though Mr. Kirby is able to construct an itinerary. The few entries respecting his colleges chiefly record changes in the wardens. Some details of old Winchester topography may be gleaned. Gower's marriage licence is a solitary scrap of biographical interest. The style of the bishop's chancery is less flowery than most similar specimens. It contrasts favourably with the mixed metaphors of a papal document inserted on p. 198, wherein the "vineyard of the Lord of Hosts" is made to have "bowels of bitterness" with other fully described incidents of a severe indigestion, in consequence of the acts of its "children" (adherents of an anti-pope) who "with viper-like efforts, seeking to lacerate its womb and to rend the holy seamless coat, are laying out seed-beds of scandal and schism."

UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

"European History: an Outline of its Development. By George Burton Adams. London: Macmillan. 1899.

EVERY cottage in Protestant Germany which has any books at all contains a Bible and a History of the World. Probably some hundreds of Histories of the World have been published in Germany during the present century. Who shall recount them? There is the philosophical work of Ranke, summing up the experience of a lifetime; the vast collection of Oncken, a model to any editor who would produce a General History written by different hands; the monumental labours of Weber, whose fifteen volumes are excellent reading, while the contents are boiled down for the idle student into two volumes or even into one; the little handbook of Prütz and many others. In the result there is scarcely an educated German who does not know at least the outline of the course of the world's annals and the place to which its most important crises should be assigned. "Boys come to us," said Heinrich von Sybel, "knowing their centuries." A German boy leaving school, if he present history in his leaving examination, has to pass a viva voce examination in ancient, mediæval and modern history which would puzzle some English professors.

We have little to show against this wealth of apparatus. It is true that a hundred and fifty years ago there appeared in England a universal history, ancient and modern, in forty-four volumes, which is an honour to the epoch which produced it. It is said to have inspired Gibbon to become an historian, and anyone who reads in its pages the annals of the Lower Empire will see that he owes much to it. Then there are the six volumes of Frazer Tytler published by Murray some sixty years ago, the work of Leonard Schmidt, which deserved more success than it obtained, Freeman's "General Sketch" and other similar productions. Universal History cannot be said to have taken root in this country or to have attracted the enterprise of publishers. When Mr. Jowett was asked what he thought of establishing a Professor of Universal History at Oxford he replied that he would be a very formidable personage. English boys do not study the history of the world at school. They are content with what is called Greek or Roman History and some portion of English History. They certainly do not know their centuries.

The reason for this neglect is not far to seek. Universal history cannot be written unless the Jews are relegated to their proper place amongst nations, and the Incarnation is regarded as an event rather of spiritual than of temporal significance. So long as the history of the chosen nation was considered as alone fit to be placed alongside of the history of Rome and Athens,

and the birth of Christ was regarded as the event to which all ancient times looked forward and all modern times looked back, so long a natural history of the world was impossible. It is the Roman Empire into which all ancient history flows, and out of which it proceeds. Even from the point of view of civilisation the Jews are not as important as the Babylonians, the Assyrians or the Egyptians. A scientific Universal History would even a few years ago have offended against prejudices which are now, happily, in the course of being removed.

There are signs that Universal History is taking its proper place in education. The new scheme for the Historical Tripos at Cambridge in its original form proposed a compulsory examination in the History of the World. There are signs that a similar change is proceeding in schools and that English public opinion is coming into line with foreign opinion on this subject. But English publishers are still wary. Not long ago all the leading publishers in London were invited to publish a Universal History on lines of their own choosing and they unanimously declined, so little were they aware of the trend of public sentiment. But the movement is certain to grow and the end of the twentieth century will tell a different tale.

The book which Professor Adams presents to us is essentially American, although it is based largely on English sources. It would be of little use for English schools, and would not supply the place of a work written by an English scholar. It has some excellent merits. It is admirably manufactured as the Americans say. The paper, the print, the binding, the general get-up and arrangement of the production are worthy of all praise. But when we come to the text our encomiums must cease. The style of the writing is what a school-boy would call "weird." It may have some meaning to Americans, but it is often puzzling to ourselves. Also the narrative consists largely of statements which we wonder should be made at all, or if made not expressed differently. Greek art is quintessenced into the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvidere (sic) and the Dying Gladiator, which are classed together as representatives of the post-Alexandrian period. The professor's ideas about the Roman comitia are among the vaguest and the most erroneous. The narrative becomes a little better in the middle ages, and disputed questions between England and America are treated with fairness. The book can hardly be regarded as likely to satisfy English students, but it represents a type which English publishers would do well to imitate.

THE PORTUGUESE IN INDIA.

"The Rise of Portuguese Power in India, 1497-1550." By R. S. Whiteway. London: Constable. 1899.

A GLAMOUR of romance has always coloured the story of Portuguese dominion in India and the Further East. It goes back to the time when the true history in its full detail was but imperfectly known. Materials existed in much abundance, but they were scattered and buried in so many different places and shapes that it was beyond the power of any one inquirer to disinter, digest and reproduce them in a single continuous narrative. To all who approached the subject the broad fact presented itself that a small European nation, with perhaps a million of people, had by a century of persistent enterprise and sacrifice found the ocean route to India and, in a series of wars by sea and land, established its power over the whole coast-line from Mozambique to the Spice Archipelago. The narrative abounds in episodes of the most stirring character, often told at first hand by those directly concerned in them. Such an achievement was itself a romance of the first order for which a parallel could only be sought in the conquests of Cortes or Pizarro. Within comparatively recent times however much of the hidden material has become generally available. Official records have come to light and various monographs, sketches and translations have appeared which have disclosed the whole story of the Portuguese adventurers and connected it with the general history of the period, and particularly with the course of events in the interior of India and in the

Eastern seas. Within the last few weeks we have had Sir W. Hunter's contribution to the subject in the first volume of his "History of British India." A portion of the period he covers is now treated with more detail by Mr. Whiteway in his present work on the Rise of the Portuguese Power in India, 1497-1550.

It must be confessed that as the history more fully expands it loses in romance and grandeur. It is not merely that it tells how great opportunities were lost and how heroic achievements alternated with miserable failures and timid retreats. Such incidents may be found in the progress of all conquests. But sordid motives, wanton cruelty, arrogance, treachery, and even cowardice fill spaces which the imagination had coloured with high resolve and devoted patriotism. Even the very successes of the Portuguese arms seem often due as much to the incredible weakness and folly of their adversaries as to the skill and valour of their own people. Certain events and men stand out in heroic proportions and fill the scene. The popular ideas of the Portuguese empire-builders have naturally taken colour from that which was most splendid in their annals.

Mr. Whiteway has brought together much interesting material and drawn vivid pictures of the conditions under which the invaders lived and worked while they made good their footing by force or intrigue. There are sketches too of the character and habits of the Indian races and the contemporary events in the kingdoms with which the Portuguese were brought in contact. All this makes attractive reading and gives reality to the picture of the times. But as a history of Portuguese conquest the work is wanting in adherence to the chief central purpose to which all the detached events are ancillary. It is true that a settled policy was lacking to the Governors and Viceroyes who succeeded each other in rapid succession, each striving to make the most of his short tenure of office. Still through all the bad or good administration of the half-century a leading motive and a steady development might be traced. We miss the comprehensive grasp of events which should keep this progress always present as the central and unceasing purpose of the history and treat each incident as contributory to this dominant object. The reader is apt to get bewildered in a series of disconnected adventures and retrospective sketches and to lose the orderly sequence of events in a wealth of picturesque detail.

THE PARSON AND THE PARISH.

"Steer's Parish Law." 6th edition. By W. H. Macnamara. London: Stevens and Sons and Sweet and Maxwell. 1899.

RECENT legislation has done a good deal to remove the hand of the ecclesiastical authorities from the direction of the civil affairs of those areas which, in their origin townships or manors, have with the growth of English institutions acquired the ecclesiastical title of parish. But the change in parochial government has by no means lessened the volume of law affecting the parishioners: and the question of the proper ecclesiastical government of a parish has been of late much before the public, by the claims of aggrieved parishioners to control the services of the parish church, and the attempts recently made in Parliament to apply religious tests of church membership to those parishioners who wish to have a voice in the affairs of the church. There is no doubt that in questions of church worship and discipline and the control of ecclesiastical charities the times are moving fast, and that it is matter for serious consideration how we should deal with such business in a manner compatible with the continuance of the Anglican establishment and with the respective functions of clergy and laity in the settlement of doctrine and ritual. On this it is enough for the present to say that the desire of a section of the clergy to revert to primitive usage is not unlikely to be met by the laity by a claim to move on beyond the Reformation Settlement, to insist that the freehold of the parson in his benefice be taken away and that his not always well-tempered absolutism in church matters be abolished in favour of a

more democratic form of church government resembling that of the Church of Scotland. But whatever the future may have in store for the Anglican Church, those concerned in the present law as to the ecclesiastical parish will find in Mr. Macnamara's new edition of "Steer's Parish Law" a very valuable guide as to the functions and duties of parsons, churchwardens, clerks and vestries, and a summary of the judicial decisions on matters of ritual. The book also deals with the civil government of the parish. On this branch of the subject it has many competitors; but the changes and adjustments effected by, or consequent upon, the Local Government Acts have been most clearly and carefully dovetailed into so much of the earlier law as has survived them. A book with a history is like an old building where old and new materials and different styles are found welded together. And Mr. Macnamara has not so far yielded to the modern passion for restoration as to cut out or rewrite the more archaic passages obviously traceable to the original work and to eighteenth-century modes of making a law book. In fact he has preserved what is curious and interesting where it may be of present use, and has made with discretion the additions necessary to complete his edifice for modern parochial necessities.

HISTORICAL AND OTHER NOVELS.

- "Rupert, by the Grace of God—." By Dora Greenwell McChesney. London: Macmillan. 1899.
 "Hugh Gwyeth, a Roundhead Cavalier." By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Macmillan. 1899.
 "Cromwell's Own." By Arthur Paterson. London: Harper. 1899.

HISTORY does not make mention of any plot to offer King Charles I.'s crown to Rupert of the Rhine, but fiction is quite at liberty to suppose one. His brother, the Elector, had been in many men's minds as an alternative sovereign, and the Palatine family was popular among all parties in England apart from Rupert's personal attractions. Admitting the possibility, we have here a story which is very plausible down to the smallest detail. Miss McChesney has studied her history to some purpose and has accordingly produced a very faithful picture of the Civil Wars and their leading characters. To Rupert she does ample justice, and the indignation of that loyal cavalier on discovering the plot, which was afoot on his behalf, is very well depicted. There are a number of thrilling scenes and we breathe a healthy atmosphere of courage and honour throughout. The book is doubtless handicapped by being one of a very numerous class, but even so it reaches a high level of sensational fiction.

It is not often that a woman can depict the glamour of warfare with vivid realism or that an American can write English without a trace of exotic accent, and Miss Dix is to be congratulated on having accomplished each of these wonders. We confess we opened her volume with some misgivings, deeming the period of the Rebellion already exhausted as a setting for romance, but our interest was soon aroused and we found it difficult to tear ourselves away from the fascinating narrative. Even Mr. Anthony Hope does not inspire more joyfully the exhilaration of battle, with all the "swarmings, marches, and thick hubbubs of souldiers," or maintain more uniformly the excitement of a reader. The hero has been brought up in a Puritan household and has reached his sixteenth year when the Royal Standard is raised at Nottingham. He then learns for the first time that his father is alive and serving with the royal army. Of course he sets off at once, but his reception is not encouraging, and he has many adventures before he can enter the good graces of his parent. The usual drawback of a Cavalier hero is that he cannot "live happily ever after" without the bathos of accepting the Commonwealth or a long-drawn agony while awaiting the Restoration. Miss Dix skilfully avoids this dilemma by presenting a mere episode in the war and leaving her narrative at an agreeable moment. She is at great pains to be impartial, and often colours the excesses of the royal army too richly, but will hurt the susceptibilities of no partisan of either side. She has exquisite subtlety in her construction, a delicate

reticence in her selection of incidents, and unusual power as well as consistency in her creation of live characters. We shall be vastly surprised if she does not carve for herself a prominent place in the ranks of romance.

Another novelist's excursion into the well-trodden playground of the Great Rebellion promises as much novelty and exhilaration as a Cook's tour to the Rhine or the Rigi. Mr. Paterson's long-drawn agony of the loves and jealousies of Puritan youth is superlatively tedious, and his notions of archaic speech seem limited to various unnecessary liberties with modern grammar. Seventeenth-century gentlemen did not habitually use "be" instead of "is" or apply "thou" to a verb in the plural. "The deeds thou both hast done," "our terms hath been refused," "this man be not only dyed with deepest malignancy but is a Papist and a notorious spy," are fair specimens of Mr. Paterson's mediævalism. And there is a frequent reference to "cognac," whereas "aqua vitæ" had been more plausible. The book is a vehement glorification of Cromwell, but his hatred of broken words which has been insisted upon throughout is left in a somewhat equivocal light at the finish. His action there might be and is defended, but the need of a defence does not harmonise with the previous picture. Consistency indeed is not Mr. Paterson's forte. There is a persistent struggle between his knowledge of his period and his desire to idealise his heroes.

- "Ma Mère." By Vicomte Jean De Luz. London: Smith, Elder. 1899.

If it were not for its preface we should simply say that "Ma Mère" is interesting as a delineation of French life under the Second Empire. Its title would have admirably denoted what a great part of the book is concerned with—the way in which Frenchmen are mother-ridden from their cradles to their graves; and we certainly should have found nothing surprising in the story of the French girl who marries a practically unknown man and afterwards finds a lover other than her husband: except, perhaps, that the lady observes her marriage obligations with admirable correctness until a Prussian bayonet cuts the Gordian knot; and is even proof against the amorosness of the Emperor himself. We expect something more than this however when we are told that the tale founded on facts was commenced some years ago but was laid aside for weighty reasons. This we could understand if the reference is to private families which might be recognised, but we find nothing of sufficient importance to justify the gravity of the announcement that good alone must result in shadowing forth one of the sources of the flood of disasters which swept over a nation so blind in spite of its enlightenments, so reckless in its lightheartedness, so irresolute in its self-confidence, so helpless in its discord. The "source" suggested appears to be that a thoroughly bad-hearted young Frenchwoman is bribed by Jews acting on behalf of the Germans to obtain information from French officers. There is no attempt to show that treachery of this kind helped to bring about the defeat of France, and the statement that "we cannot fail to trace amidst existing internal complications the malign results of external influences," is probably nothing more than the irresponsible utterance of a Frenchman who, like so many of recent years, fails to perceive the true relation of things.

- "The Lunatic at Large." By I. Storer Clouston. London: Blackwood. 1899.

This book belongs to the order colloquially known as "railway novels." Its moral is irreproachable, its adventures are impossible, its wit is forced, and throughout its pages there runs a splendid disregard of the customs and even of the manners of the "milieu" in which the hero has been placed. We should be inclined to question the fact of "invitations to the balls at Clankwood (lunatic asylum!) being in great demand throughout the county." As a point of humour we are told that "he (the lunatic) had a diverting habit of modifying the time, and even the tune of the hymns on Sunday, and he confessed to having kissed all the nurses and housemaids except three." When the lunatic escapes from the asylum he mixes in ordinary

English society, the author's conception of whose behaviour is, on the whole, incorrect. What English countess would seriously tell her daughter that in Germany "noblemen are still constantly used"? Imagine the said daughter wearing "diamonds in her necklace" at table d'hôte at a seaside hotel! In what English country house would the men go straight from the dining-room to play billiards before joining the ladies? The lunatic's adventures are not original enough to atone in any degree for the vulgarity and the careless writing, which are the chief features in this novel, not even clever of its kind.

"Virtue's Tragedy." By Eff Kaye. London: Macqueen. 1899.

"Virtue's Tragedy" is a good modern novel in which a difficult topic is handled with subtlety and refinement. Its chief fault indeed lies in over-refinement and in a subtlety of dialogue that at times lands the author in obscurity. The hero is one of those characters with whom some novelists seem needlessly to burden themselves. He might have served his turn without having been "called the Pitt of his age" in his younger days, and the issues raised by his story did not necessarily require an atmosphere of law-lords, Cabinet Ministers, minor politicians, and titled ladies for their due discussion. This is not intended to convey the impression that the plot is laid in unsuitable surroundings, but rather that the characters and circumstances selected by the author are calculated to severely test his, or her, powers. Of the plot no more need be said than that Robert Ascham, divorced and re-married, meets his first wife when staying at a country house, and that his second wife, a lady not wholly unconnected with his first divorce, arrives unexpectedly to find them apparently on the best of terms. The theme is one of which the writer does not make the most. The peccadillo of Lord Pachesham though helping to exemplify one of Virtue's Tragedies, together with much that is said and done by other persons, does not greatly contribute to the interest of the book.

"Defender of the Faith." By Frank Mathew. London: Lane. 1899.

We cannot approve of Mr. Mathew's method of jumbling up history and romance. While he is very particular to tell us that many of his conversations are taken directly from historical documents, his admissions that "few of the scenes are historical," and that the chief personages were not present at the most essential crises, weaken the general effect in a way which more careful art would have avoided. The story drags somewhat, but there are some vigorous episodes and the character of Henry VIII. is well and luridly brought out. But for a note of exaggeration, even his best admirers would needs be convinced of the monster's infamy, yet at the same time his bluntness and sense of grim humour command an unwilling indulgence.

"Love the Player." By Helen V. Savile. London: Swan Sonnenschein 1899.

In the handling of the well-worn theme of woman's frailty and man's vengeance the author of this story shows little originality or novelty. Janet Deane is haunted with quite unnecessary persistency by the shadow of a past with which she is only indirectly connected, and she is not the only character who is consumed by unreasonable and superfluous apprehensions. The author seems to have a distorted view of the perspective of life: but those who like melodramatic sentiment and exaggerated phraseology will find some attraction in "Love the Player."

"François the Valet," by G. W. Appleton (Pearson), does not work out badly, having an ingenious plot involving a good many detectives, amateur and other, and some stolen diamonds. Coincidence has to be a little strained before the hero can be thoroughly compromised; but what would most detective stories be without coincidence? There is more than a touch of the genial vulgarity which we noted in "The Co-Respondent," four years ago; but, on the whole, "François the Valet" is an improvement on that artless work.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom." By Wilbur H. Siebert. London: Macmillan. 1899.

Professor Siebert has made free use of all that has hitherto been written on the subject of slavery and fugitive slaves in the United States. To this store of information he has added a multitude of small and somewhat unimportant details which he himself has laboriously collected. It is possible to understand the enthusiasm which has prompted all this solid labour, but that does not help us to read the book with more pleasure. For it is, to say the truth, an exceedingly dull narrative; and the author's profound belief in conscientious detail is all the more dispiriting because the subject is essentially romantic. All the romance of the fleeing slave, however, is swamped by a minute record of the various "railroad" routes and the various helpers along these routes. Very soon do we begin to learn that Professor Siebert has a railroad type of mind; and this is confirmed by the map of the "Underground Railroad" which he has constructed. The man who invented that name for the secret and precarious method of assisting the fugitive slave in his flight through the Northern States to Canada had a happy sense of the picturesque in language and struck out an effective phrase. Set down in the form of rigid red lines upon a map the phrase becomes not only fatuous but misleading; for if the lines of travel for the fugitive had been as constant and definite as this map suggests, his chances of eluding his pursuers would have been very small. As a matter of fact it was only after the passing of the severe Fugitive Slave Law in 1850 that any definitely organised effort was made to assist the slave fleeing northwards, and even the character of the assistance, as well as the routes along which the fugitives were sent, had to be improvised day by day. There is another point in which this map is apt to mislead. Looking at its thick network of red lines the suggestion presents itself that the feeling against the Slave Law in the Northern States and the effective help given to the slaves was very widespread. Nothing could be further from the truth. However well it may suit the North to pose as abolitionists now, they were not abolitionists before the Civil War. It may be true that Professor Siebert has discovered no fewer than three thousand people who claim to have been helpers in the "Underground Railway," but even were we to admit their claim, it would not be possible to accept them all as convinced abolitionists like Garrison or John Brown. They may have assisted in a casual way; yet it is certain that the feeling against all abolitionists was very general in the North and they were made to suffer both by legal penalty and social ostracism. And when the change came it was effected, like so many other changes in the States, not by reasoned conviction, but by an avalanche of sentiment. The publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did more than anything else to change the attitude of the North towards slavery. Without being altogether rigidly accurate it was effective, because it was sentimental and picturesque; and it is just because this volume of Professor Siebert's is so uninterestingly accurate that it will effect nothing.

"The Law as it affects Cyclists." By Dalzell Chalmers. London: Butterworth and Co. 1899.

"Every Cyclist's Manual." By Archer M. White. London: Knight and Co. 1899.

The spread of cycle mania has induced its victims to experiment on the law in many ways and places with curious results. A cycle has become a necessary for an impecunious infant, a carriage on the highways, but not yet personal luggage on a railway; and its reception at a common inn is precarious if the skirt of its owner is divided. But the cyclist has the comfort that outside London he cannot be arrested summarily for riding without a light and that night for him is still regulated by nature and not as for a burglar by Greenwich mean time. There is however so much in the way of legal possibility in an afternoon performance on a bike that the progress of cycling has been closely pursued by the industrious barrister who has specialised on the risks and temptations of the wheelman. And it certainly will not be the fault of the lawyer if the riders are not sufficiently instructed in the privileges and liabilities attendant on the revolutionary mode of motion which they affect. Both the books noted at the head of this article are portable enough for the pocket of the machine or its owner. Mr. Archer White gives us a recast of articles in the "Cycling Tourists' Club Gazette" which deals fully with the rules of the road and the inn, and with accidents. He allots perhaps too much space to the means of indicting highway authorities for their misdeeds; and the reader will be inclined to carry his machine over the foundrous places and pass on swearing rather than stay to prosecute. Mr. Chalmers in smaller compass gives much the same information in less popular form, but with many very useful hints as to what steps should be taken immediately after an accident to obtain the necessary evidence and fix the blame on the right person. And he has added some notes about Continental regulations for cyclists in which he says as to France, "It is inadvisable to live on credit in France in cases where it is at all uncertain that the money expended will be ultimately

obtained, as the French law is extremely sweeping in cases of this kind," and of Germany, "it is extremely dangerous to take sketches or photographs of fortified places."

"Hours of Exercise in the Alps." By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. London and Bombay: Longmans. 1899.

Mrs. Tyndall has done a service to literature in editing a reprint of her husband's well-known book "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." The book has been out of print in England since 1873 and is now a very rare find for an Alpine library; while therefore we commiserate those collectors who are lucky enough to possess a copy of the 1873 edition, or even of the earlier edition of 1871, we think that the book was well worthy of reaching the wider public which has been drawn to take an interest in the High Alps since Professor Tyndall wrote. Professor Tyndall's enthusiasm must have been a mystery to the critics of that day, who seem to have regarded mountaineering as a form of incipient lunacy. But things have changed and now we recognise it as the rational recreation of a hard-worked man. Even if we do not share its enthusiasms we understand its attractions. Nowhere are they more eloquently set forth than in the pages of the early volumes by the pioneers of the movement. Professor Tyndall was drawn to the Alps by a double fascination: first as a scientific observer who found an opportunity to study some of the moulding forces of the globe, and second by a genuine enthusiasm for nature. This particular volume is now almost of historic interest: for it contains the story of the earlier attacks on the Matterhorn and of some of the accidents which befel the earlier pioneers. Mr. Gossett's story of the death of Bennen must always remain a tale of enthralling interest, and Mr. Tyndall's climbs on the Weisshorn, the Jungfrau, and the Old Weisshorn are now part of the classical literature of Alpine climbing. Mrs. Tyndall has added an index and made some slight alterations in the text, all of them suggested by Professor Tyndall himself.

"Handbook on the Marriage Act, 1898." By M. Roberts-Jones. Cardiff: Evan Rees and Co. 1899.

This is a very curious little book. Not content with explaining to his Welsh Baptist and other Nonconformist friends the provisions of their matrimonial Magna Carta of last year, Mr. Roberts-Jones includes an amusing medley of other information more or less remotely connected with matrimony; as for example the Burials Act, 1880, the Vaccination Act, 1898, the Mortmain Act, 1891, and a little miscellaneous matter on wills and legacies. If he had not already written a handbook on the Workmen's Compensation Act he might have included that too. But not even yet have we mentioned everything adapted to the Welsh taste to be found in these seventy-seven pages. There are also full forms of marriage and burial services in English and Welsh for the use of Ministers, composed by Principal Edwards of the Baptist College, Cardiff; and the "Authorised persons" who in the twelve thousand chapels of England and Wales can now celebrate marriages without the presence of the Registrar ought to be happy with the information supplied them. However as we are not surprised to learn they are not; but the author advises them as a matter of principle to avail themselves of the Act and endeavour to amend its defects after some practical experience of its working. Such counsel, like the book, is not to be criticised. Both are good enough—in their way.

"The Catholic Brief against Sir William Harcourt and Others." By R. W. Burnie. London. 1899.

Mr. Burnie professes to write as a "mere lawyer," but he takes no pains to conceal his personal convictions, which are those of an "extreme" Ritualist. He adopts the interpretation of the "Ornaments Rubric" which, taking a rigidly literal view of the "second year of King Edward VI.," makes it cover all the mediæval Ornaments with a few trivial exceptions. The argument assumes that wherever the Ornament is retained, there is implicitly retained the ceremony or rite with which it was connected. The Prayer-book thus, necessarily, is regarded as a very imperfect guide, covering but little of the ground and always needing the commentary of the older system. Mr. Burnie writes with great positiveness: he leaves no middle ground between the extravagant positions which he maintains and mere lawlessness. There is much useful information in this little volume, but a total lack of proportion. Mr. Burnie writes as if the Reformation were une quantité négligeable in England: he takes no account of the searching and drastic changes involved in the long process of doctrinal, ecclesiastical, and ceremonial development which culminated in the Caroline Act of Uniformity. But history is not thus to be made a tabula rasa in deference to an ecclesiastical theory which is contradicted by the whole tenour and aspect of the post-Reformation Church.

"La Pacification de l'Europe et Nicolas II." Par Nicolas Notovitch. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1899.

It is a superfluous task to review predictions which have been already falsified by the event. Consequently we relinquish the malign pleasure we might have had in exposing the fallacies with which M. Notovitch has endeavoured to assuage his hatred

of England, who in his view alone stands in the way of universal peace. "England," we are told, "can only continue to enjoy her gains by remaining armed to the teeth." "England with her fleets oppresses the entire world." M. Notovitch finds fault with the proposal of Count Muravieff that submarine boats should be a forbidden weapon, because they would enable the French to destroy hundreds of English sailors at one blow. Such is the judicial spirit in which M. Notovitch approaches the delicate questions raised by the Tsar's rescript! We fear he found Colonel von Schwarzhoff's speech sadly brutal, but he may gather therefrom that England does not stand alone in her opposition to the benevolent designs of his august master.

Examination of the "Bureau de l'Assistance Publique" of Paris shows a terrible want of organisation and a terrible amount of waste. Its funds are not sufficient to cope with the demands of the sick and poor; it is perpetually victimised by crafty rogues, and even by the tolerably well-to-do petit commerçant. After suggesting some practical reforms, M. André Lefèvre (who treats this interesting subject in the "Revue de Paris" of 1 July) says a good word for the employés, poorly paid, and the director, who only gets 15,000 francs a year. He might, however, have condemned the difficulties and delays that the needy have to put up with: delays always dangerous, and often the cause of death. So humiliating and complicated a task is it to obtain support from the "Assistance Publique" that many poor folk prefer to lay their case before the parish priest, who always receives them kindly, and rarely refuses his help. To discourage this, the "Assistance Publique" (whose chiefs fear, and try to suppress, the power of the priest) should be more prompt and more indulgent in giving relief.

The Royal University of Ireland sends us the 1899 Supplement to its University Calendar. As the volume is entirely composed of examination papers it hardly lends itself to review, but a glance through the papers suggests two reflections: first that in most subjects the form of the questions and the standard required seem almost identical with that of corresponding examinations in England, and second that the marking in an Irish examination must be a rather ticklish matter when as many as five professors representing possibly five different schools of thought are concerned in examining mixed samples of Protestants and Catholics, Unionists and Nationalists on burning questions of Moral Philosophy and Modern History.

"Stories of the Streets of London" (London: Chapman and Hall), by H. Barton Baker, is an entertaining réchauffé of more or less well-known facts and legends about the metropolis. Mr. Baker is an industrious compiler.—What Mr. Baker does for London, Mrs. Katharine F. Lockie in some measure does for "the queen of the North" in "Picturesque Edinburgh" (Edinburgh and London: John Lockie).—Ernest Renan's "Caliban" (New York: The Shakespeare Press; London: Kegan Paul), "a philosophical drama continuing 'The Tempest' of William Shakespeare," has been translated into English by Eleanor Grant Vickery. It is a fascinating adaptation of the principal characters of "The Tempest" to the needs of our own times.—"John Milton: a Short Study of his Life and Works," by William P. Trent (New York: The Macmillan Co.), will, it is hoped, do something to arrest the misunderstanding and neglect of one who is more talked of nowadays than read. The little volume is admirably written.—"Realism: a Paradox," by David Martineau Haylings (London: Fisher Unwin), may be described as a brief study of Ibsenism, and the least pleasing side of modern art.—"Idylls of the Sea, and other Marine Sketches," by Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S. (London: Grant Richards), is a collection of short papers by the author of the "Cruise of the 'Cachalot,'" written for periodical publication by a master-hand and well meriting reissue in their present form.

THE JULY REVIEWS.

IMPERIALISM continues to afford the reviews their most fertile theme. The Imperial idea has seized the mind even of some staunch Radicals, and there is a wide field open to the organ of the British Empire League which starts this month under the title of the "British Empire Review." It is significant that Imperial Federation is one of the rallying points recommended to a party in search of a programme by "K." in the "Fortnightly." In the same pages a writer who describes Lord Rosebery as "a Palmerston—with nerves" declares that "democracy is extremely indifferent to everything in politics, except the flattering magnificence of the Imperial idea." Lord Rosebery has at any rate done all in his power to show the Radicals the folly of their anti-Imperial ways. The Imperialism which their mint turns out is however still charged with too large an element of Little Englander alloy. Thus it does not ring true on the South African question. In the Transvaal we are face to face with a problem which can only be satisfactorily settled by a stern insistence on the undoubted rights of the paramount power. The quintessence of ultra-Radical wisdom on the subject is supplied by Mr. Herbert Paul in the "Contemporary." Mr. Paul says that President Kruger is the only true Conservative, and that

his policy is an excellent illustration of what Conservatism means. As this is the sort of thing which, according to Mr. Paul, Radicals have been fighting all their lives, it should follow that the Radicals cannot support Krugerism. But their love for liberty in the Transvaal is of the platonic order. Between Mr. Paul and Sir Sidney Shippard, who asks in the "Nineteenth Century" Are we to lose South Africa? there is the abysmal difference of personal knowledge and academic assertion. The late Administrator of British Bechuanaland endorses the position taken up by Sir Alfred Milner. South Africa can enjoy no peace whilst the Uitlanders are treated as pariahs by the Boer oligarchy. If we fail to secure justice and reasonable government for the Uitlander, Sir Sidney Shippard foreshadows the loss of our South African colonies as inevitable. On the other hand, when once the Transvaal has been made to realise its proper place, there will, as "Diplomaticus" points out in the "Fortnightly," be some chance of the creation of a Dominion of South Africa which would render Uitlander troubles in the future practically impossible. The "Looker-on" in "Blackwood" urges that the pyramid which now rests on its apex in the Transvaal should be eased down gently; he objects to extravagance of language, especially in State documents, but he seems rather to forget that the difficulty is one of long standing. Sobriety and firmness for which he pleads have hitherto proved ineffectual. If the apex has sunk so deeply into the earth that the pyramid cannot be adjusted by the long process of gentle pressure to which it has been subjected, more forcible means must be employed.

An allusion to the South African problem rather detracts from the effect of a very able article in the "Contemporary" on "the Imperialism of British Trade." But if the remark that there are signs of our new colonial policy being on the verge of squandering blood and treasure for shadowy rights of suzerainty indicates the Radicalism of the writer, his conclusions with regard to our trade methods are then all the more remarkable. His article is a powerful exposé of the mistake Great Britain made in adopting a fiscal system misnamed free-trade, instead of securing the reality by a reciprocal arrangement. By ruining our agriculture, we have had to look abroad for our food supplies, with the result that the foreigner has made profits which he is devoting to manufactures and commerce to our detriment. But whilst British industry is stationary if not declining, British profits accumulated in the past have been invested abroad with results equally unpleasant for home industry. The writer explains the discrepancy between our imports and exports on the ground that a great part of the latter is the produce of British capital abroad. "If every factory run by British capital, every farm owned by it or mortgaged to it, every mine or railway worked by it, were forced to fly the national flag, as in the case of ships, the Union Jack would be seen floating everywhere, and would indicate truly the extent of our world empire." The industrial glory of Little England may be departing; its capitalistic glory is certainly rising. We wish some statistician who is not slave to an economic fetish could tell us what is the value of the amount sent home either by Britons themselves or by way of interest on loans; when the difference between exports and imports exceeds the amount we so receive, then we shall be living beyond our income.

The French Republic seems secure in the incompetence of her avowed enemies, but the downfall which they cannot accomplish her friends may succeed in compassing: that is the general moral of various articles in the reviews. C. D. in the "Contemporary" pictures "the clerico-military party making a last desperate stand for a losing caste and a lost cause," but is of opinion that the demonstration accorded M. Loubet a few days after the attack at Auteuil marks the close of sham Republicanism. Perhaps that is "the minor revolution" which "Blackwood's" "Looker on" anticipates. According to an Anglo-Parisian journalist in the "Fortnightly" France is vaguely longing for a "providential man." He favours M. Brisson as the possible regenerator of France. Admiral Maxse in the "National" places his faith in a more promising personage in welcoming M. Waldeck-Rousseau's accession to office. In him France at least has "a sane man at the helm."

A triple contribution to the discussion of old age pensions in the "National" is ominous. Mr. C. A. Whitmore, Sir John Dorington and Mr. Edward Bond combine in an effort to show that the Unionist party is not committed on the subject, and if it were, that the scheme would involve new burdens which the taxpayers would find intolerable. Mr. Bond is inclined to regard the whole agitation as ridiculous, and to think that any scheme which might be adopted would have disastrous consequences for the party. But the consequences could not in any case be as disastrous as a Unionist stampede. Articles of this sort simply play into the hands of Radicals like "K.," who contends that they should take up the project in the assurance that the Tories really hate it. Two excellent articles on the British Sunday suggested by the demise of two journalistic bantlings are the Rev. H. H. Henson's in the "National" and the Rev. Father Thurston's in the "Nineteenth." Both take an eminently reasonable view of the Sabbatarian tradition. "There must be many country clergymen," says Father Thurston, "who would welcome cordially a return to the freedom of the Middle Ages, and would find such occupations

as cricket, football, volunteer drill or practice at the rifle butts an improvement on the Sunday afternoon which at present prevails over a great part of England." At the same time, it would be unfortunate, as Mr. Henson reminds us, to turn the Sunday into a mere popular holiday. Fifty-two Bank Holidays in the year, spent under the Sunday League, would be mischievous on every ground. In the "Nineteenth" Sir John Gorst reproduces the pathetic picture of school children as wage-earners which he recently laid before the House of Commons.

For This Week's Books see page 58.

NOTICES.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return, or to enter into correspondence as to, rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Arcadians (H. C. Minchin). Oxford: Blackwell; London: Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
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HISTORY.

Side Lights on American History (Henry W. Elson). New York: The Macmillan Company. 3s. 6d.
The Peasants' War in Germany, 1525-1526 (E. Belfort Bax). Sonnenschein. 6s.
Calendar of Letter-Books preserved among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London at the Guildhall: Letter-Book A, circa A.D. 1275-1298 (Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe). London: Printed by John Edward Francis.
Navy Records Society, Vol. XV.: History of the Russian Fleet during the Reign of Peter the Great (By a Contemporary Englishman (1724); Edited by Vice-Admiral Cyprian A. G. Bridge). Navy Records Society.

LAW.

The Law Relating to Choses in Action (Walter R. Warren). Sweet and Maxwell. 16s.
An Epitome of Real Property Law for the Use of Students (W. H. Hastings Kelke. Second edition). Sweet and Maxwell. 6s.
The Principles of the Law of Evidence Peculiar to Criminal Cases, as altered by the Criminal Evidence Act, 1898 (Second edition. Ernest Arthur Jelf). Horace Cox. 3s. 6d.
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Essays and Nature Studies, with Lectures (W. J. C. Miller). Elliot Stock. 10s. 6d. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

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Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm oder Das Soldatenglück (Introduction and Notes by Starr Willard Cutting). New York: The Macmillan Company. 3s. 6d.

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Carmel in England: a History of the English Mission of the Discalced Carmelites, 1615-1849 (Father B. Zimmerman). Burns and Oates. 6s.
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The Message and Position of the Church of England (Arthur Galton). Kegan Paul.

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Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets, Maps, Views, &c. relating to Australasia, Malaysia, and Polynesia. London: Edwards.
Canada: the Budget Speech delivered by Hon. William S. Fielding, M.P., in the House of Commons, Tuesday, 2nd May, 1899. Ottawa: Dawson.
Dominoes (Professor Hoffmann) and Draughts (R. McCulloch). Routledge.
The British South Africa Company: Reports on the Administration of Rhodesia, 1897-8. Printed for the information of shareholders. 1899.
The Chiswick Shakespeare (Edited by Byam Shaw): As You Like It. Bell.
The Works of Shakespeare (Eversley edition. Edited by C. H. Herford. Vol. VI.). Macmillan. 5s.
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR JULY:—Revue des Deux Mondes (1er Juillet), 3fr.; The National Review, 2s. 6d.; Mercure de France; Scribner's Magazine, 1s.; United Service Magazine, 2s.; The Arabian Nights (Parts II. and III.), 6d. each; The Artist, 1s.; The Paris Magazine, 6d.; Bookseller, 6d.; The Bookman, 6d.; Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, 5s.; St. Martin's-le-Grand; Parents' Review, 6d.; The Geographical Journal, 2s.; The British Empire Review, 6d.

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FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1899.****MINE.**

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk, exclusive of stopes | 240 feet. |
| Ore and waste mined | 8,279 tons. |
| Less waste sorted out = 27·12 per cent. | 2,246 " |
| Balance sent to mill | 6,033 tons. |
| Percentage of South Reef mined | 52 per cent. |
| " Main Reef Leader mined | 48 " |

MILL.

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------|
| Stamps | 40 |
| Running time | 29·74 days. |
| Tons milled | 6,033 tons. |
| Tons per stamp per diem | 5·07 " |
| Smelted gold bullion | 5,451·69 ozs. |
| Equivalent in fine gold | 4,633·94 " |

SANDS AND SLIMES WORKS.

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------|
| Yield in bullion | 2,500·26 ozs. |
| Equivalent in fine gold | 2,125·23 " |

TOTAL YIELD.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Yield in fine gold from all sources | 6,759·175 ozs. |
| " " per ton milled | 22·406 dwts. |

**WORKING EXPENDITURE AND
REVENUE.***On a basis of 6,033 Tons Milled.***EXPENDITURE.**

| | £ | s. | d. | s. | d. |
|---|---------|----|----|-----|--------|
| To Mining Expenses... .. | 3,490 | 11 | 8 | 11 | 6·859 |
| Crushing and Sorting | 514 | 2 | 10 | 1 | 8·453 |
| Milling | 1,094 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 7·526 |
| Cyaniding Sands | 943 | 12 | 4 | 3 | 1·54 |
| " Slimes | 401 | 9 | 2 | 1 | 3·97 |
| Head Office | 128 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 5·096 |
| | £6,572 | 11 | 1 | £11 | 9·444 |
| Extraordinary Expenditure | 505 | 11 | 8 | 0 | 11·812 |
| | 7,077 | 12 | 9 | 11 | 3·556 |
| Development Redemption, 6,033 tons at 6/3 ton | 1,206 | 12 | 0 | 0 | 4·0 |
| | 8,284 | 4 | 9 | 11 | 7·556 |
| Profit | 20,066 | 13 | 0 | 3 | 6·274 |
| | £28,350 | 17 | 9 | £41 | 13·830 |

REVENUE.

| | Value. | Value per Ton. |
|---|---------|--------------------|
| | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
| By Mill Gold : 4,633·94 ozs. fine gold, valued at | 19,424 | 18 0 3 4 4·745 |
| By Cyanide Gold : 2,125·235 ozs. fine gold, valued at | 8,925 | 19 9 1 9 7·085 |
| | £28,350 | 17 9 £41 13 11·830 |

EXCESS DEVELOPMENT ACCOUNT.

| | | |
|---|--------|------|
| Development | £2,102 | 15 7 |
| Less Development Redemption charged under working costs | 1,206 | 12 0 |
| | £896 | 3 7 |

FRANCIS SPENCER, *Manager.*FOUNDERS' COURT, LONDON, E.C.
1st July, 1899.

To the Holders of our Certificates of Deposit for

**First Mortgage Five per Cent. Gold Bonds of THE BALTIMORE
BELT RAILROAD COMPANY,***Issued under Bondholders' Agreement, dated 1st November, 1897.*

Referring to our Circular dated London, 22nd June, 1898, we now beg to notify you that pursuant to the arrangement therein stated The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has now elected to exercise the option thereby granted to it to purchase the deposited Bonds at par and accrued interest on 1st September, 1899.

We have obtained from The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad authority to offer to such of the holders of our Certificates of Deposit for the above Bonds as shall accept the same on or prior to 20th July, 1899, to give, in exchange for their Bonds, New First Mortgage 4 per cent. 50 years' Gold Bonds of The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Bond for Bond, carrying all Coupons maturing on and after 1st October, 1899, the overdue interest upon your Old Bonds being paid in cash as hereinafter more particularly stated. Holders of our Certificates who desire to accept this offer of the Railroad Company must signify their acceptance in writing to us on or before 20th July, 1899, and we will thereupon exchange the original Bonds for the New Baltimore and Ohio Railroad First Mortgage 4 per cent. Bonds, and will deliver the same, together with the interest to be paid in cash, upon the surrender of our Certificate of Deposit therefor.

Unless on or before 20th July, 1899, we shall receive from you a written acceptance of this offer, we will carry out the original Agreement and will sell your Bonds of the Baltimore Belt Railroad Company, at par and interest, and will pay over to you the amount so received on surrender of our Certificate of Deposit for your Bonds.

In case you accept the offer to exchange, the Holder of each Certificate for a deposited Bond will be entitled to receive from us, on and after 1st August, 1899, one First Mortgage 4 per Cent. Gold 50 years' Bond of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company with coupons attached, maturing on and after 1st October, 1899, and in cash, the amount of overdue interest upon said Bonds at 5 per cent. up to 1st July, 1898, with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on said overdue interest from the respective dates of maturity of the instalments thereof to 1st August, 1899; also the amount of interest in cash at 4 per cent. per annum upon said Bonds from 1st July, 1898, to 1st April, 1899, from which date new Bonds bear interest, with interest at 4 per cent. upon the overdue instalments up to 1st August, 1899.

In case you do not elect to exchange your Bonds, but elect to sell the same for cash, you will receive for the principal of said Bond \$1,000 in cash and you will also receive in cash the overdue interest on said Bond up to 1st July, 1898, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, together with interest upon said overdue interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, from the respective dates of maturity of the instalments thereof up to 1st September, 1899, and also in cash, interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum upon said Bond from 1st July, 1898, to 1st September, 1899, with interest upon such overdue instalments at 4 per cent. to 1st September, 1899.

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The acceptance through us of the offer to exchange your Bonds for a new First Mortgage 4 per cent. Gold 50 years' Bond of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company involves a stamp in the United Kingdom of £1 per new Bond, which will be deducted from the cash payable as above mentioned.

We earnestly request a prompt reply to this Circular.

BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co.

LONDON, 30th June, 1899.

Assent No.

FORM OF ASSENT

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FIRST MORTGAGE 5 per cent. GOLD BONDS of the BALTIMORE
BELT RAILROAD COMPANY, issued under Bondholders' Agreement,
dated 1st NOVEMBER, 1897.

To Messrs. BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co.

I
We request you to accept the offer by the BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD
COMPANY, and accept in exchange for my
our present Bonds of the BALTIMORE BELT
RAILROAD COMPANY, the new First Mortgage 4 per cent. Gold 50 years' Bonds of
the BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD upon the terms stated in your Circular of
1st July, 1899.

I
We hold BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co.'s Certificates of Deposit Nos.
at for \$ 000 Bonds.

(Signature)

(Address)

Date July, 1899.

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